

ALL



# HUMOR

COMICS

10¢

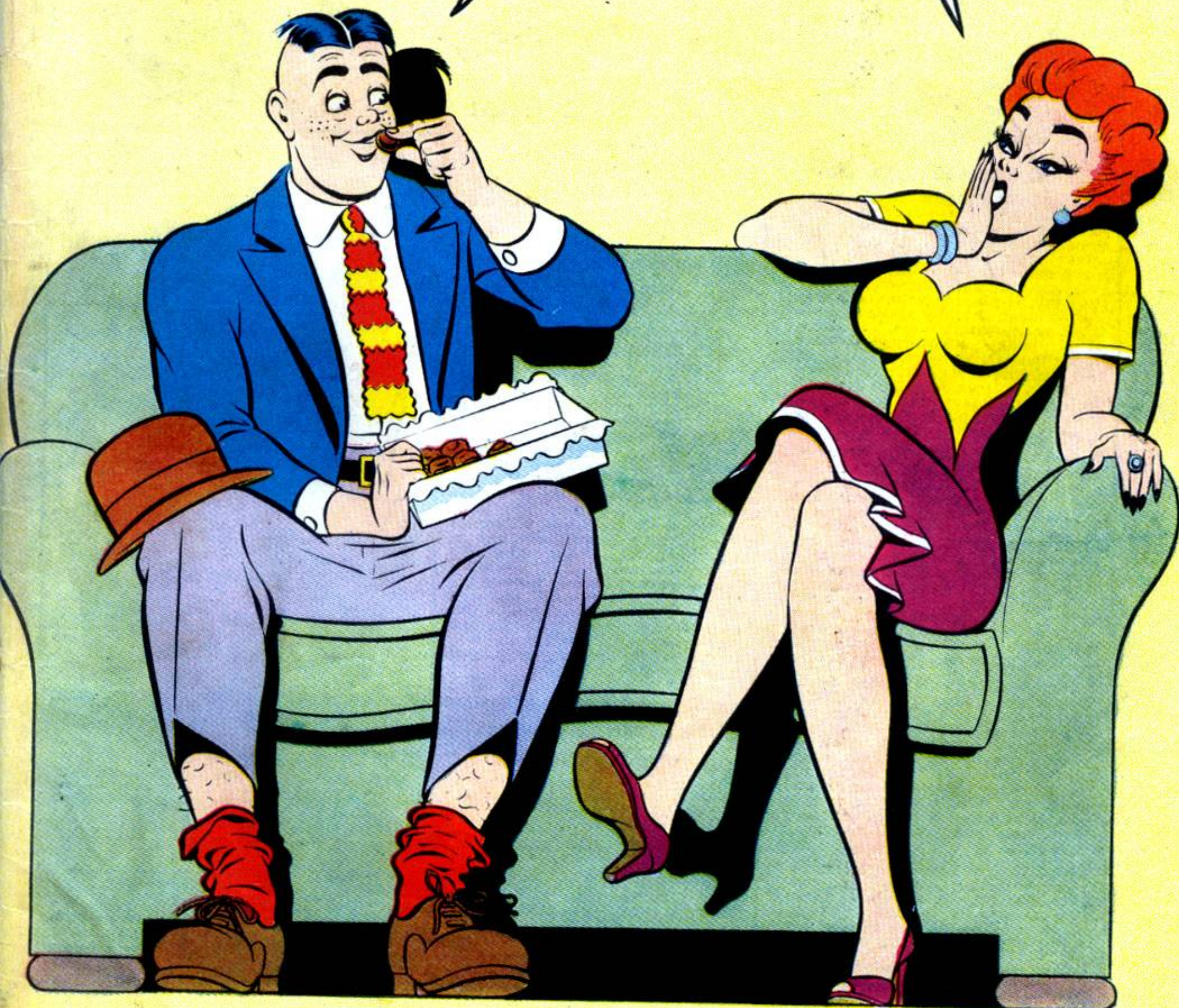
SM  
★  
W

QUALITY  
COMIC  
GROUP

WINTER ISSUE  
No.8

GOSH, PIGEON,  
I'VE NEVER SEEN  
SUCH DREAMY  
EYES!

YOU'VE NEVER  
STAYED SO LATE  
BEFORE, KELLY!  
YAAWWN!







WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



# Scoop!

## Complete Picture-Taking Picture-Making Outfit for only \$4.98

**Candid-Type Camera! Complete Developing Outfit! Complete Printing Outfit!**  
**All for one low price of only \$4.98!**



**SEND FOR  
YOUR OUTFIT TODAY!**

### At Last! You Can Take, Make and Develop Your Own Pictures!

This is the first time a complete picture-taking, picture-making outfit has ever been offered at the sensationally low price of only \$4.98. You might ordinarily expect to pay much more than that for a good developing kit. Yet here you not only get a big, 14-piece Developing Kit so that you can actually make and develop your own pictures, but also a famous make candid-type Camera which takes regular size pictures. Positively not a toy. Both the Camera and the Developing Kit are "the real thing"—guaranteed to work on the same principle as those used by experienced photographers.

#### Easy To Make Your Own Pictures!

Think of it!—You can go out and snap pictures of your favorite scenes, of important events and landmarks, or of members of your family. Then, within a few minutes after you snap the pictures, you can develop them yourself. Virtually without waiting you can make and develop those same pictures right in your own home. Watch them come to life... clear and sharp... before your very eyes, almost like magic. Sensational! Exciting! Thrilling fun such as you've never known before.

#### Make Money While Having Fun!

This is the chance of a lifetime to pursue an interesting hobby and learn the fascinating photography business at the same time. You can even make money in your spare hours. Use your Home Developing Kit to accommodate friends and neighbors. They'll be glad to give you their business for it will save them time and money, just as it does you.

**THE CAMERA** has all the latest features, including snapshot and time exposure and level view finder. Uses easy-to-get 127 film and takes 16 pictures on an 8-exposure roll. **THE DEVELOPING KIT** consists of

14 individual pieces as shown. There are 2 plastic trays, 1 metal print frame, 1 stirring rod, 1 package of two dozen sheets of contact paper, 3 Universal M-Q developer packs, 1 box acid-fixing solution, 1 plastic funnel, 1 GE darkroom light, 2 plastic clips and 1 easy-to-follow Handbook of developing and printing.

#### 10 Day Examination Offer

Is this a value? You bet it is! By far the greatest value in the country today. Never before has it been possible to get everything necessary to take, make and develop pictures all for this one low price of only \$4.98. These outfits are sure to be grabbed up fast. Photo and camera enthusiasts everywhere will be anxious to own a complete Kit such as this for fun and for spare time profit. You'll be wise to order your complete outfit right now while this low price offer is still in effect so that you won't be disappointed. It's first come, first served. If you want to get started at once to take, make and develop your own pictures, mail the coupon below today. You **SEND NO MONEY!** We'll let you examine and use the kit as your own for 10 days on our money-back guarantee offer.

### You get this Big 14 Piece Developing Kit!



### SEND NO MONEY! RUSH THIS COUPON FOR YOUR OUTFIT TODAY!

ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART, Dept. 25-31 1227 Loyola Ave., Chicago 26, Illinois

Gentlemen: Send me the Complete Picture-Taking, Picture-Making Outfit as described. On arrival I will pay postman only \$4.98 plus few cents postage and C.O.D. charges for everything. It is understood that if I am not positively delighted with the outfit in every way, I can return it within 10 days for full refund.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ ZONE \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

☐ I enclose \$4.98 in advance with this order to save shipping charges. Please send the Complete Outfit to me all postage charges prepaid on your 10-day money-back guarantee offer.



# KELLY POOLIE



**S**ir Singleshot is the best of his kind... when it comes to reading the human mind!

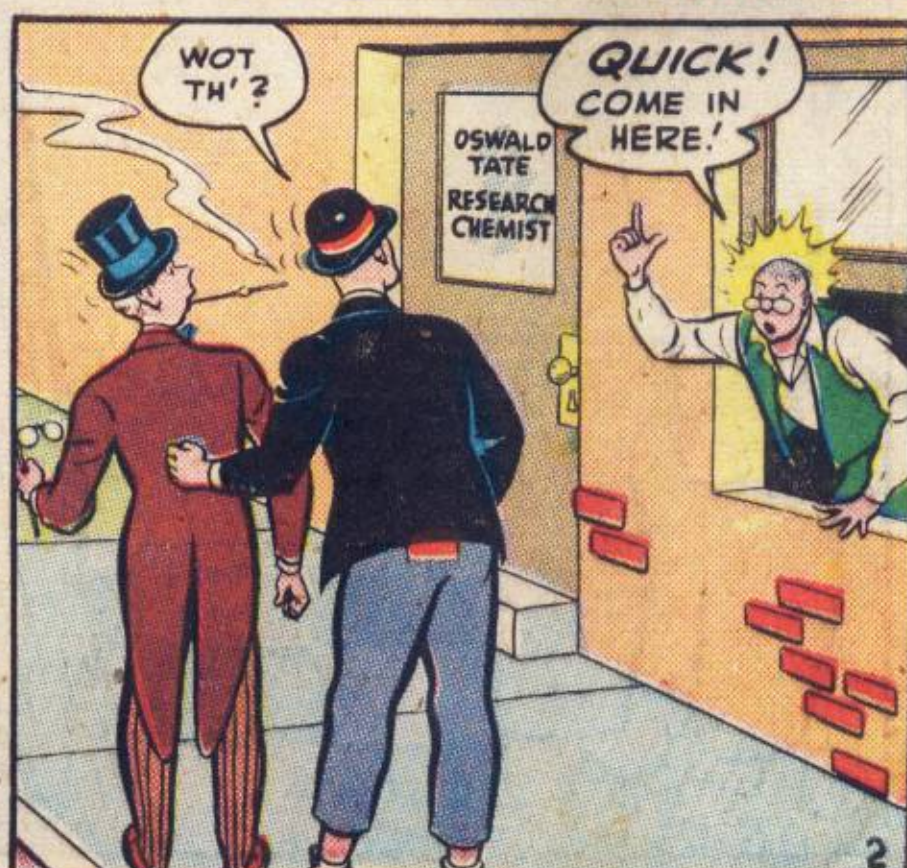
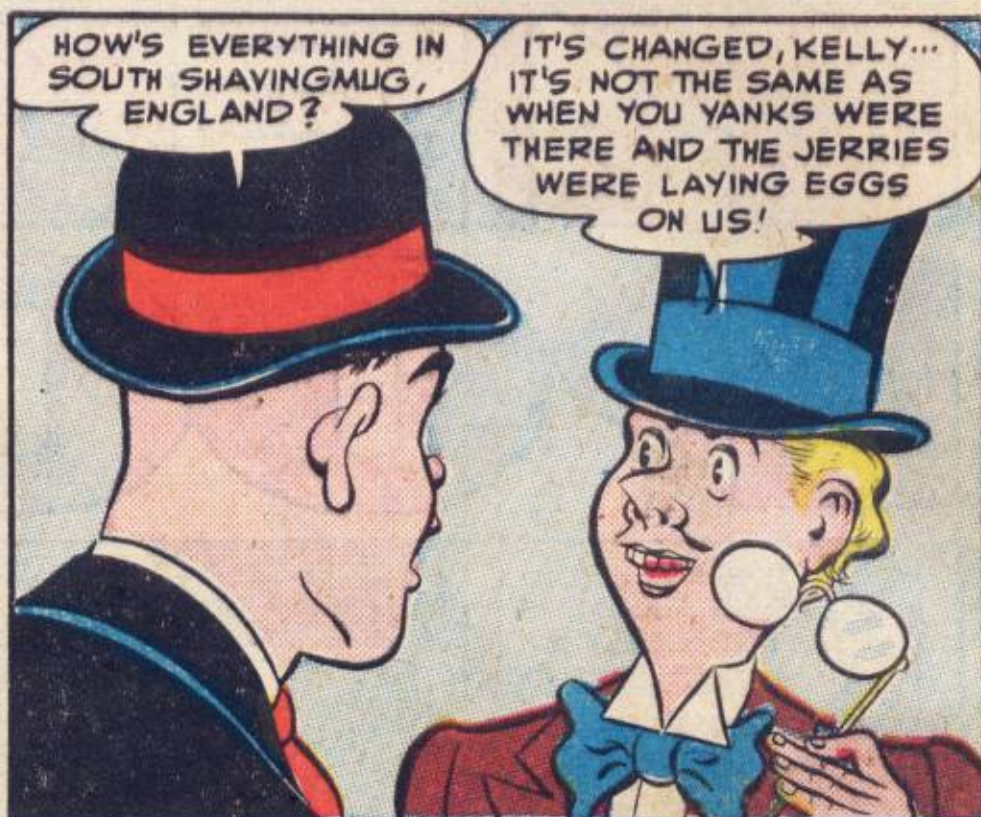


**L**umber King Splinter will make you mad... He's a rake, a bounder, a low down cad!

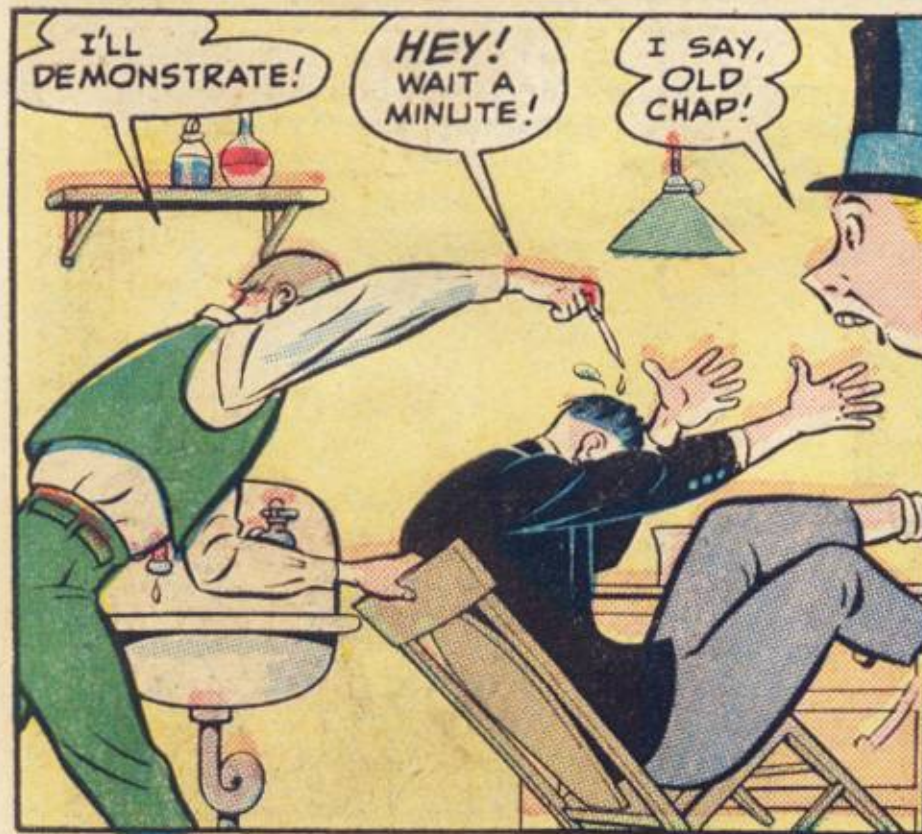


**K**elly, our hero, is known to you all... He always winds up behind the eight ball!

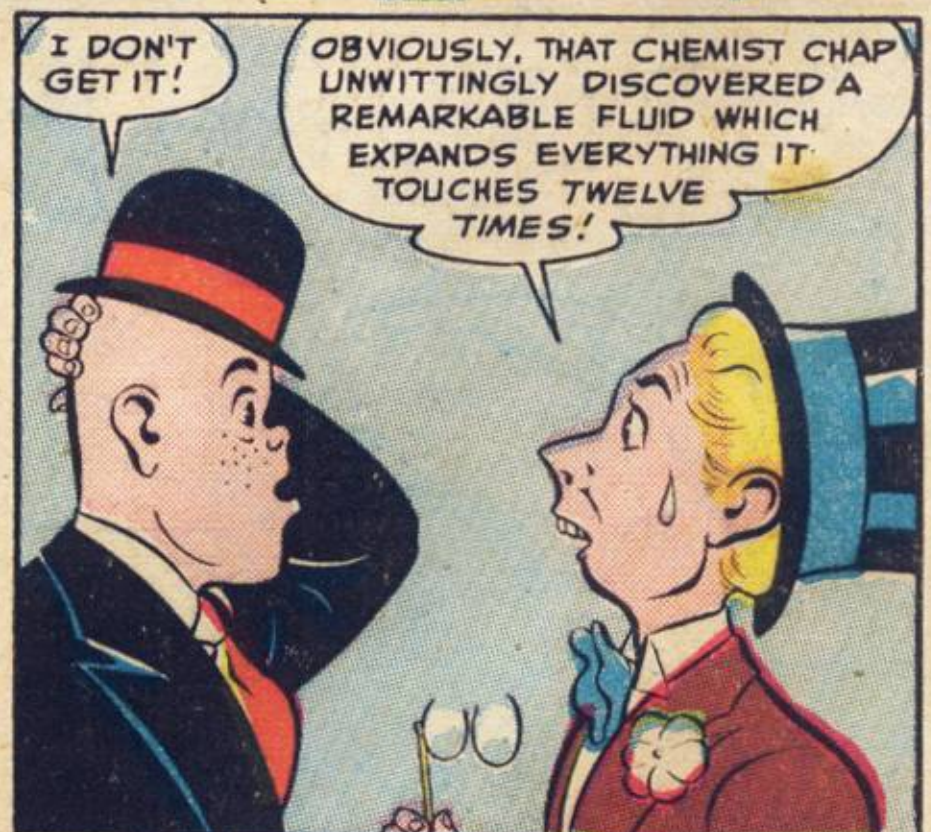




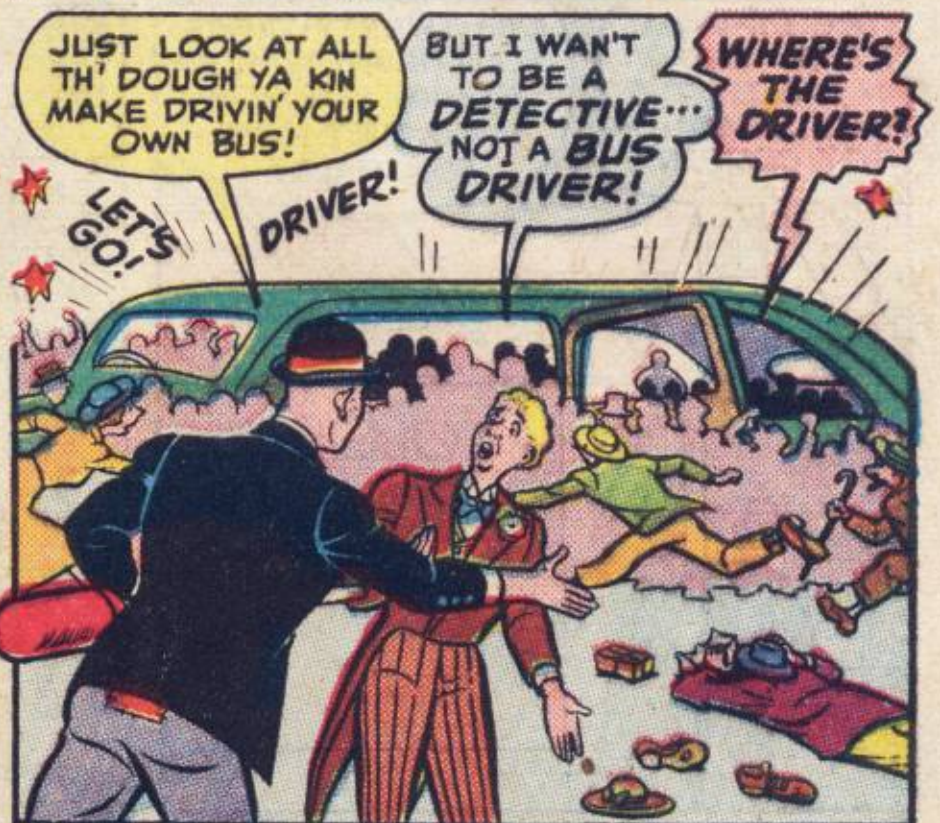
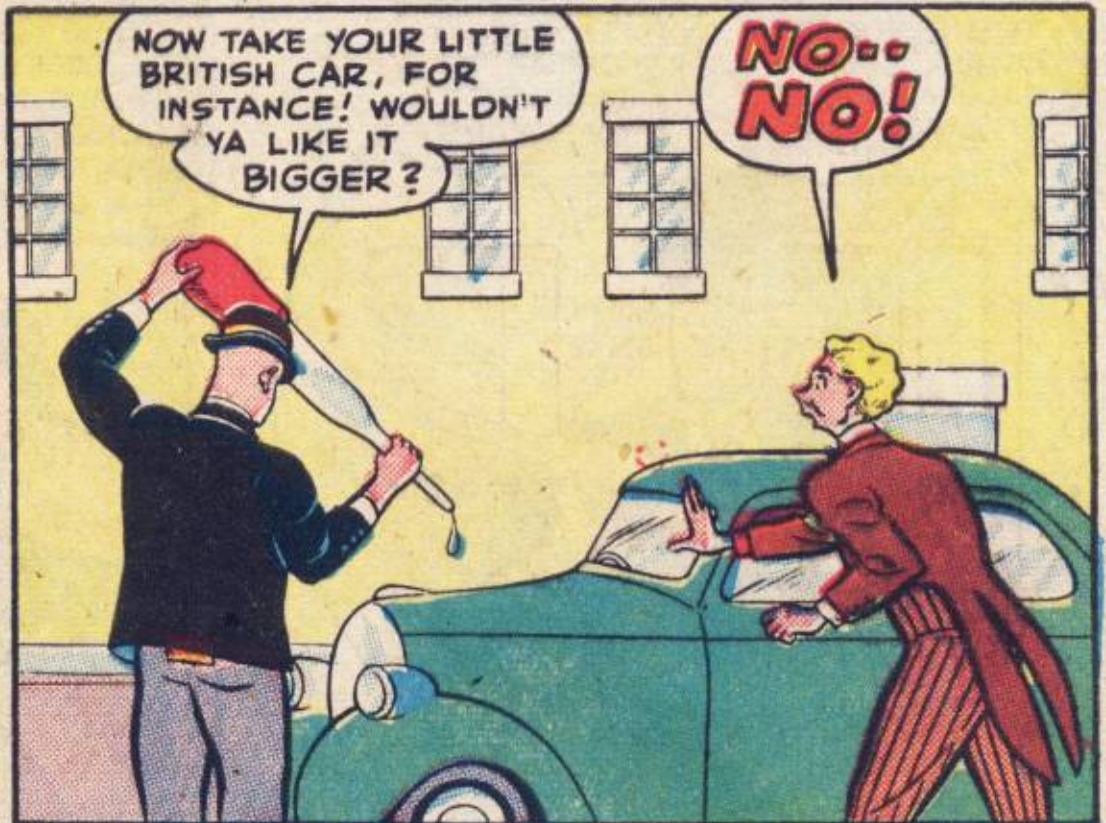








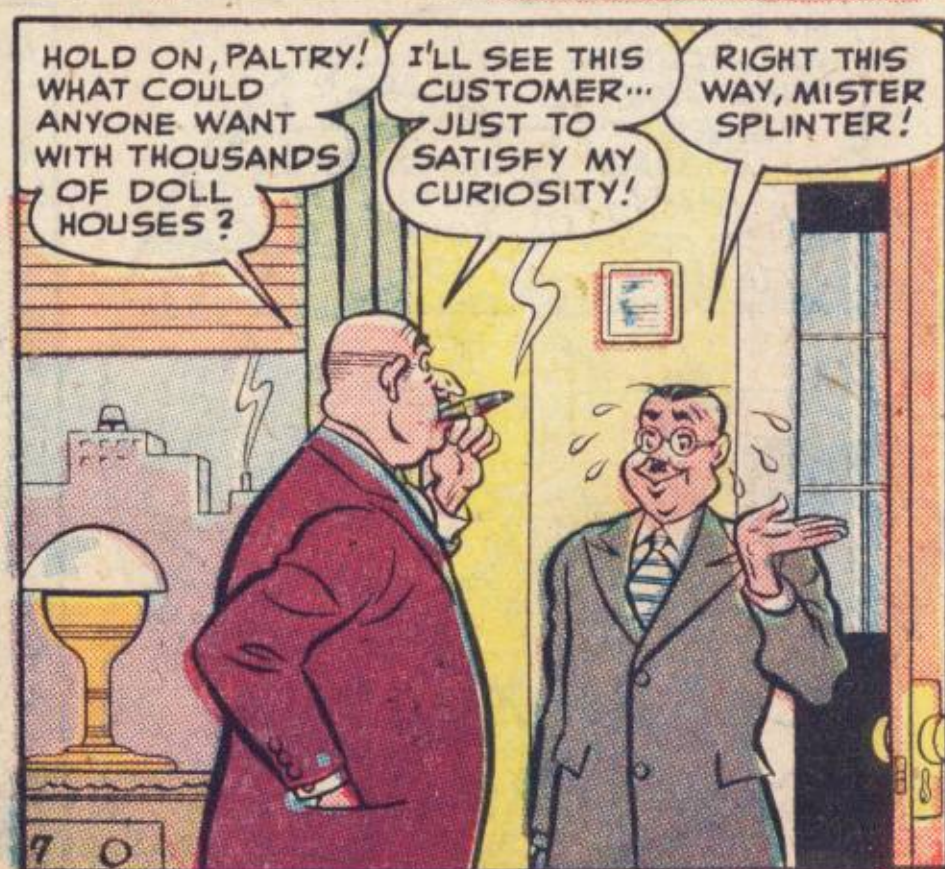
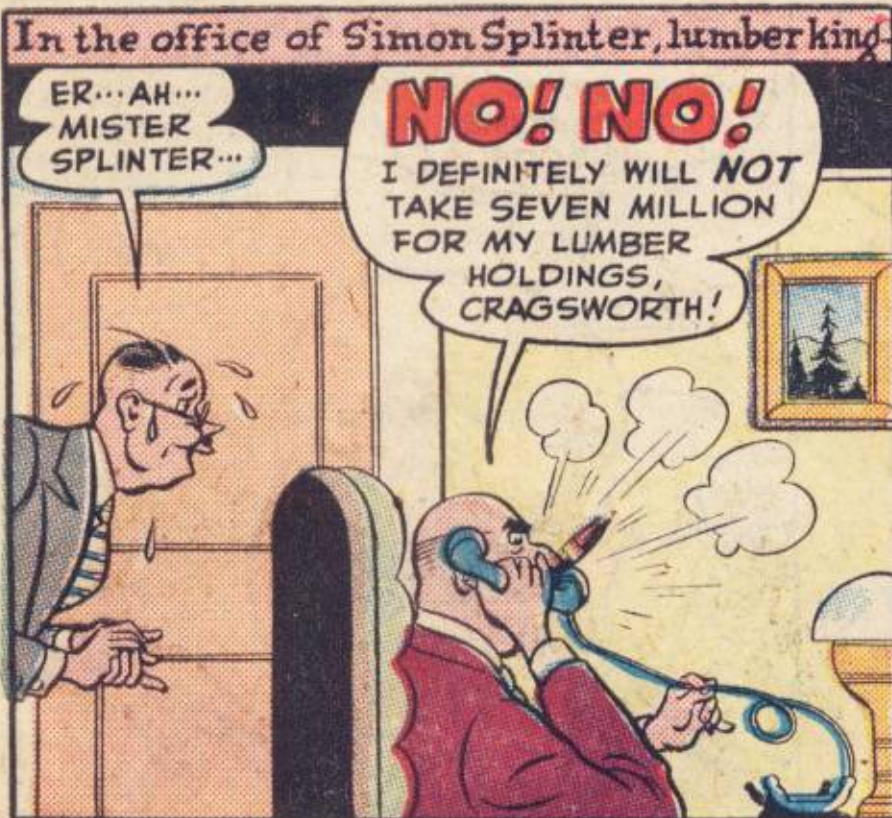








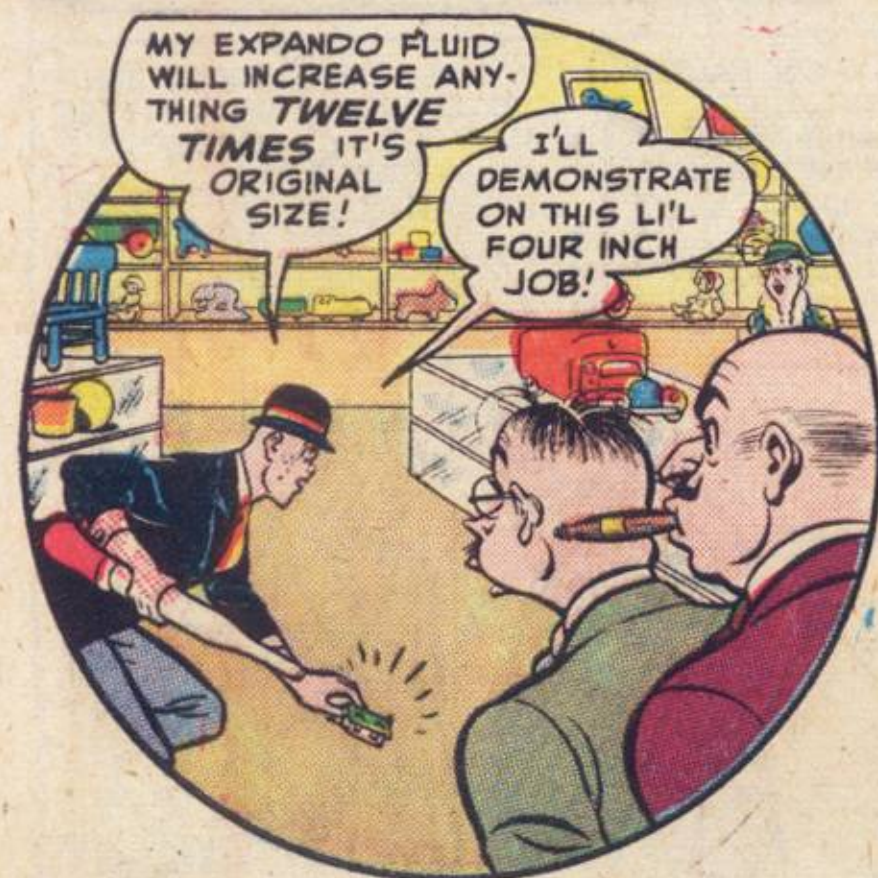




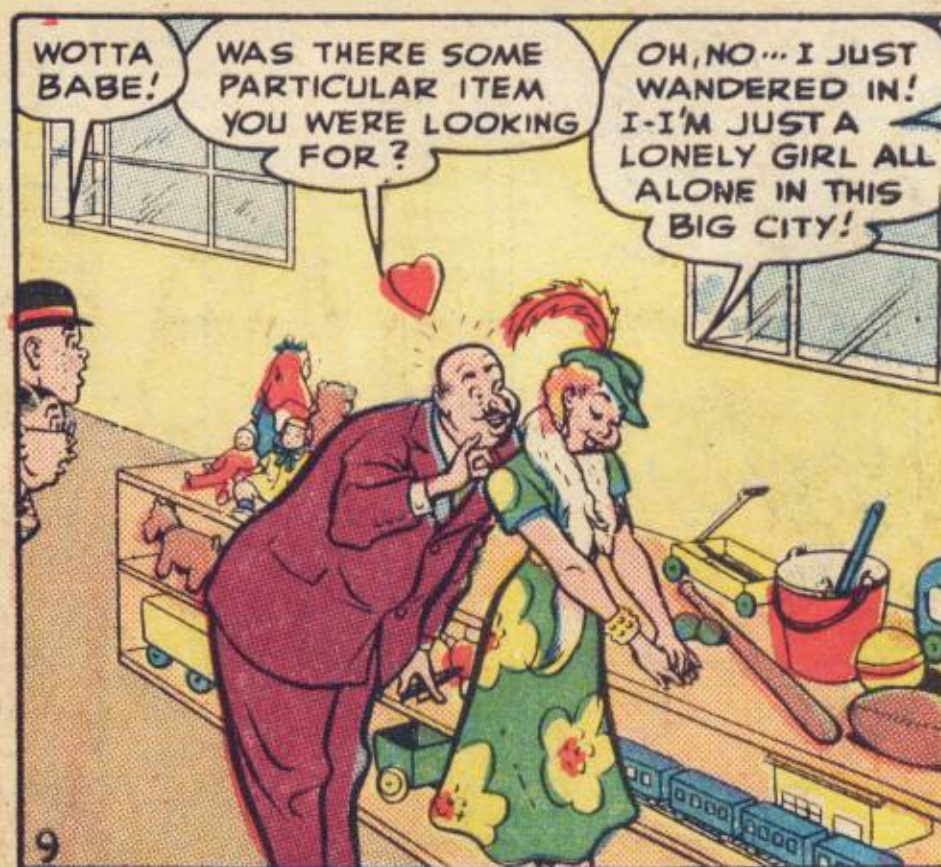
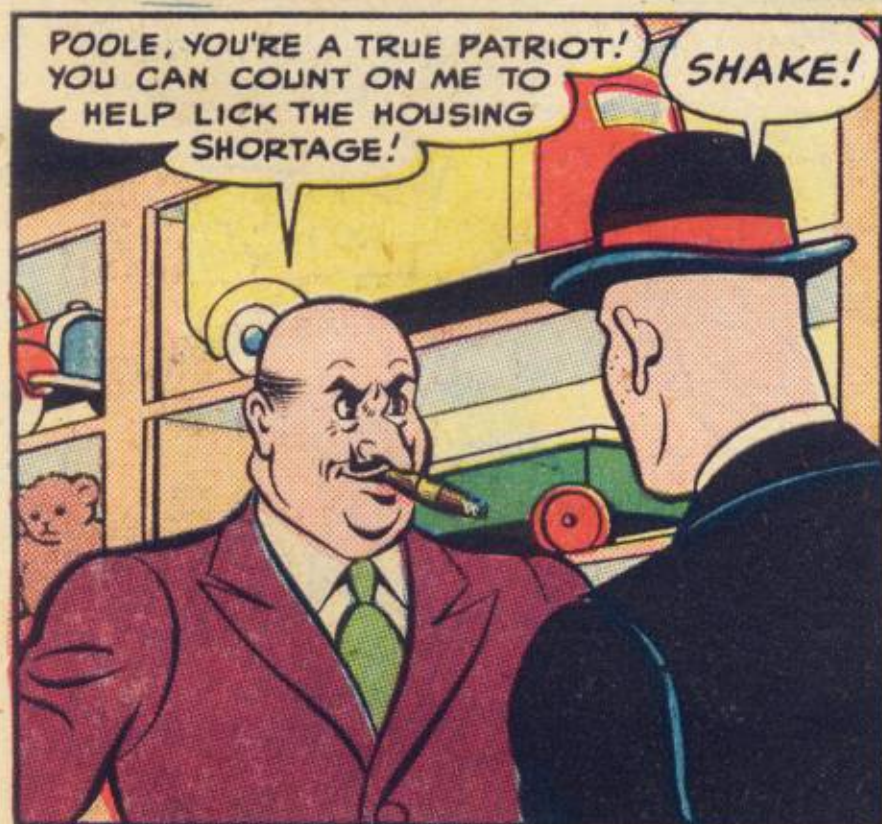




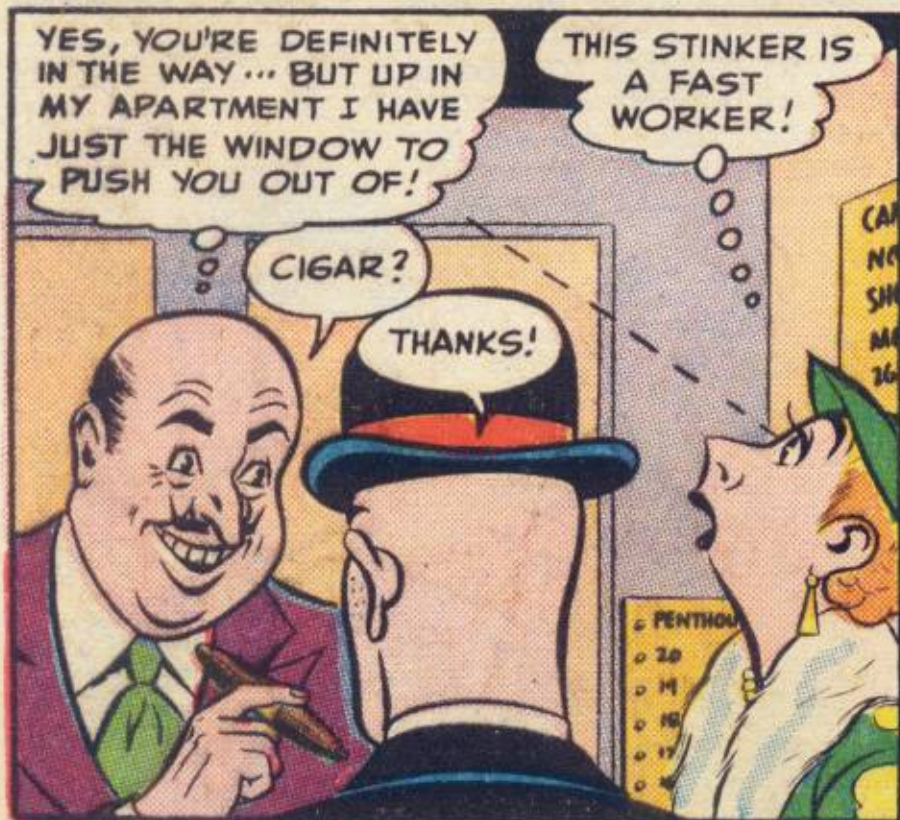
SPLINTER, CAN YA PERDUCE THESE TOY HOUSES COMPLETE WITH PLUMBIN' AN FURNITURE?



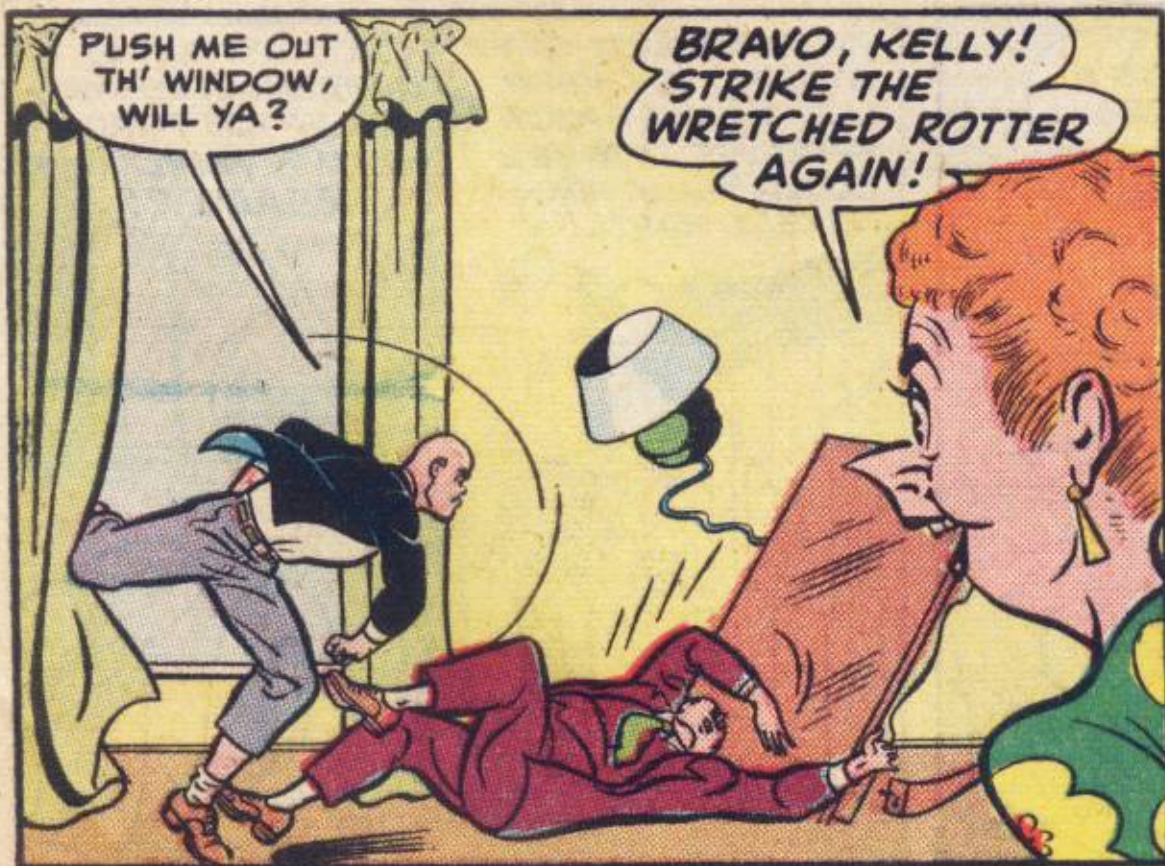
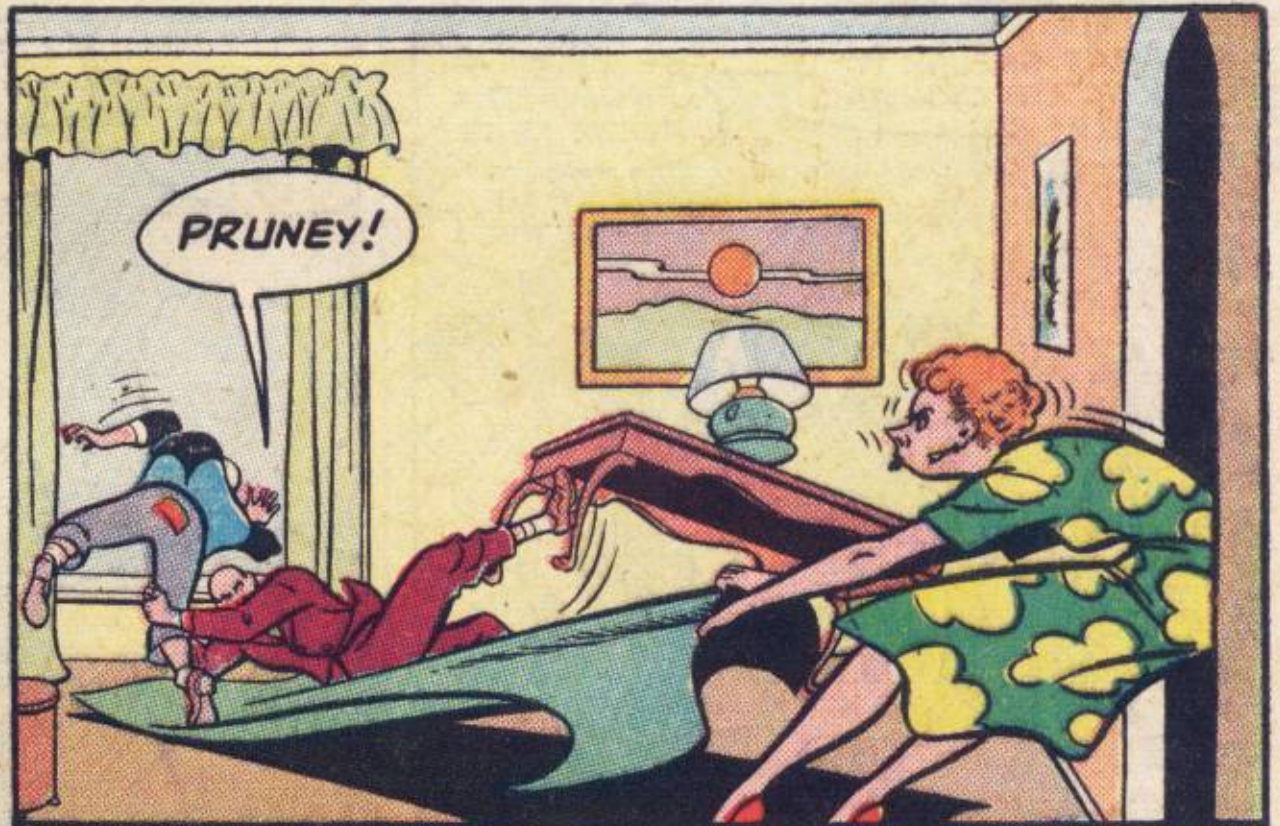




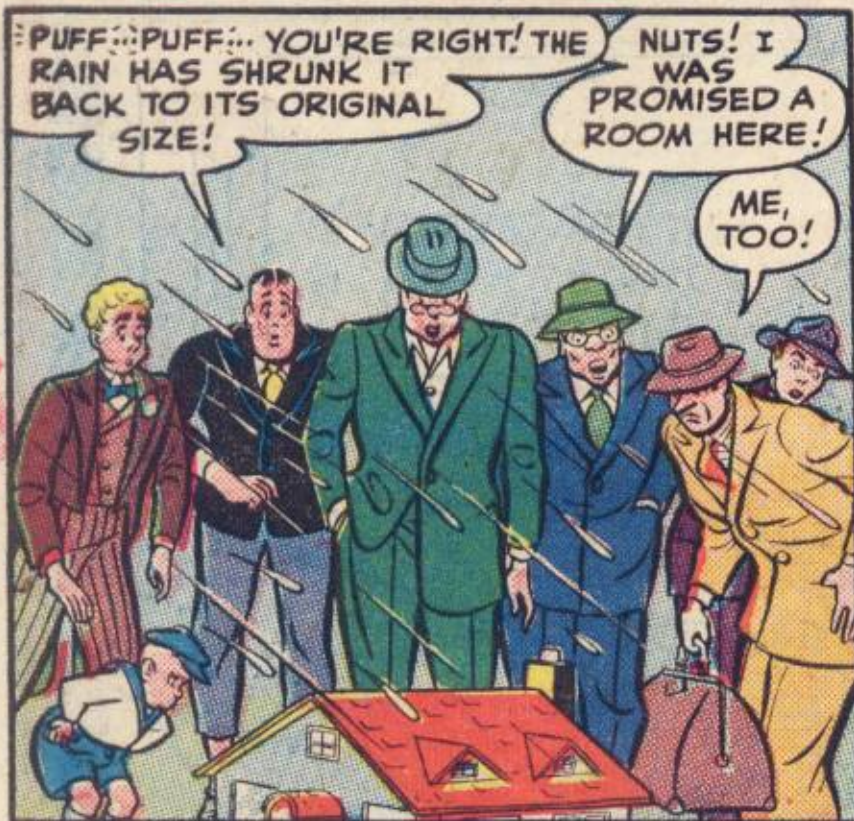














# GIDDY GOOSE



Giddy Goose is on the loose,  
Hunting for a friend!  
With a special attraction,  
he surely gets action  
And finds himself  
stuck in the end!

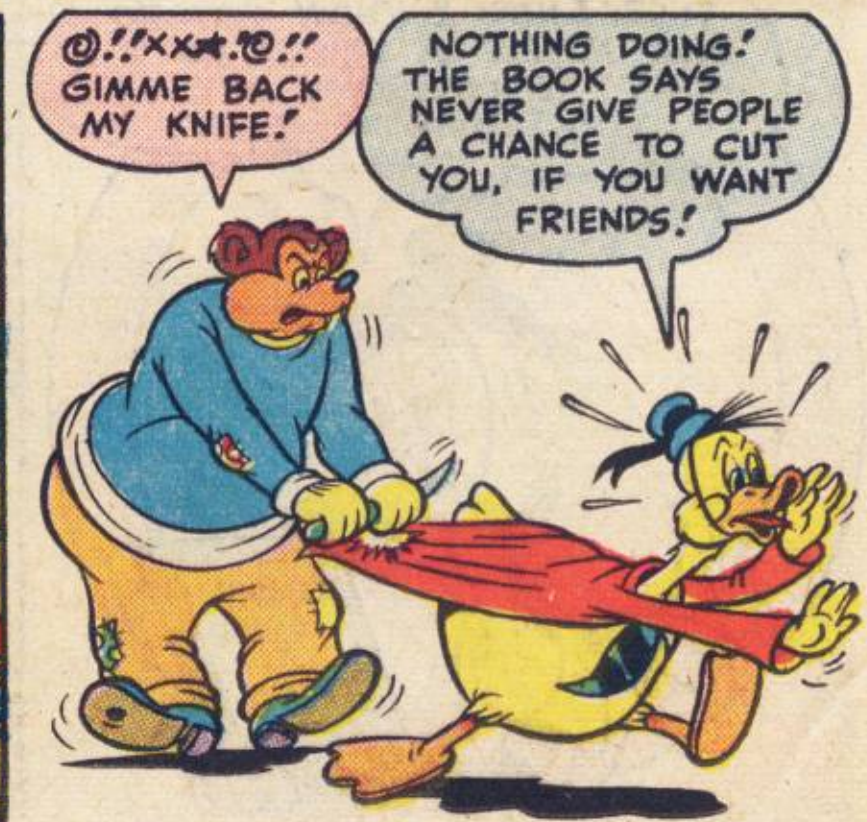
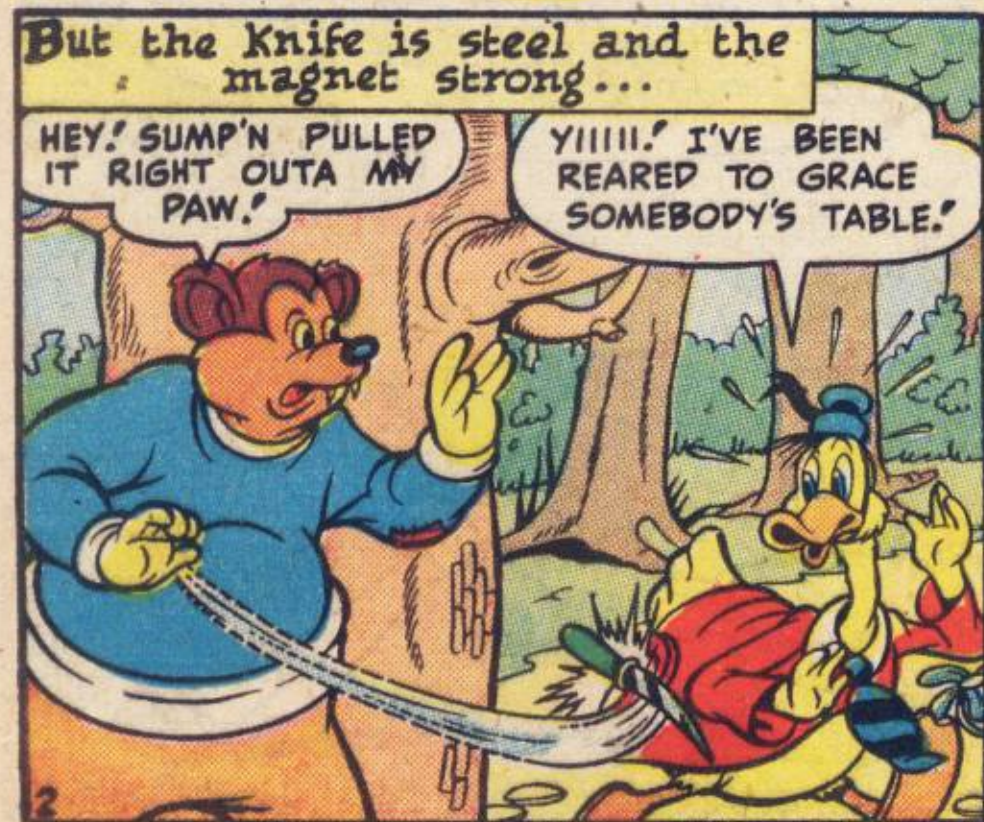
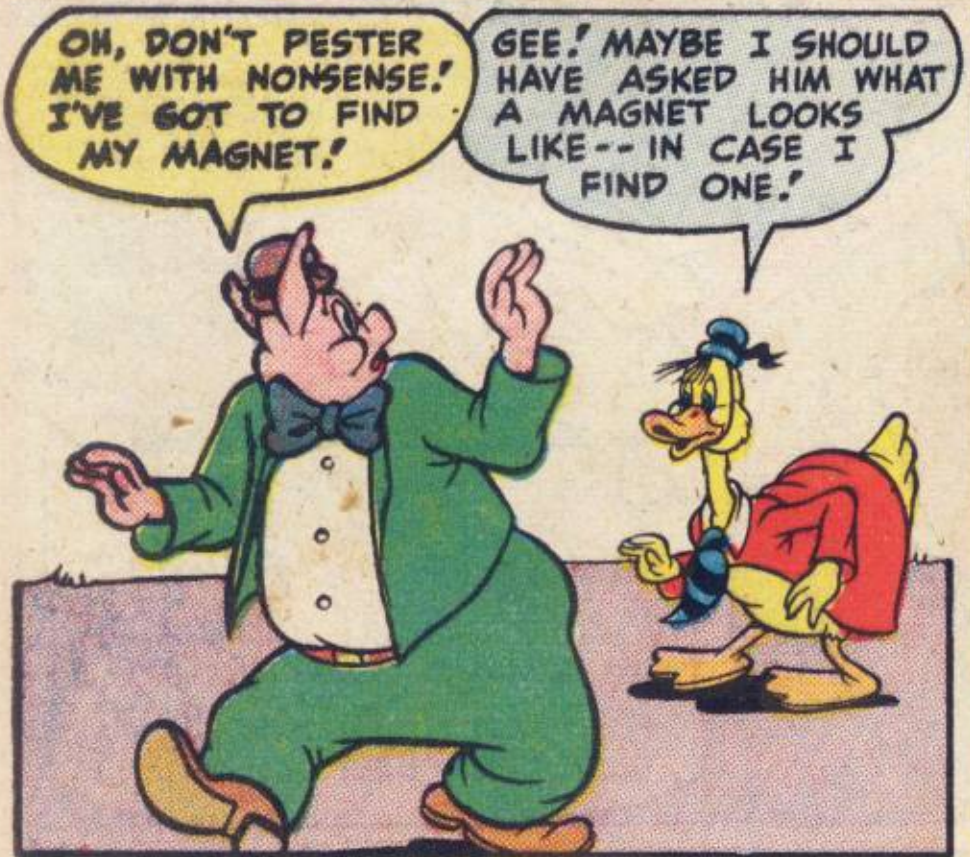
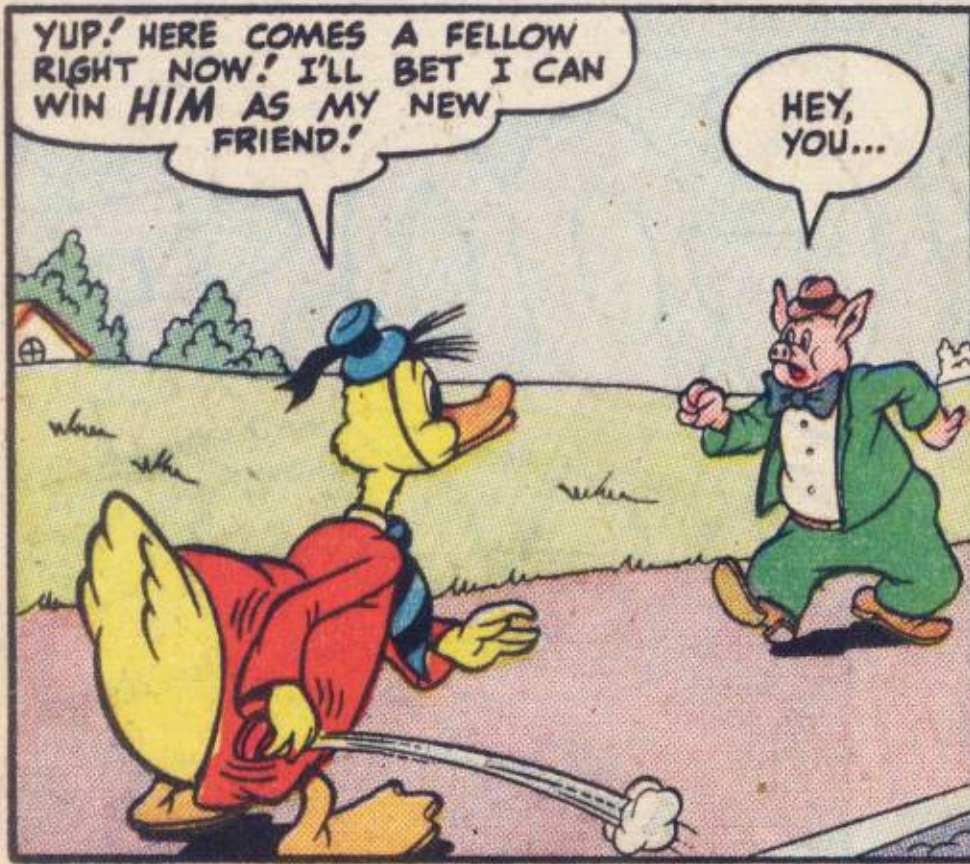
THERE! NOW I KNOW HOW TO  
FIND MYSELF A FRIEND SO I  
WON'T BE LONESOME ANYMORE!  
I'LL START HUNTING RIGHT  
NOW!



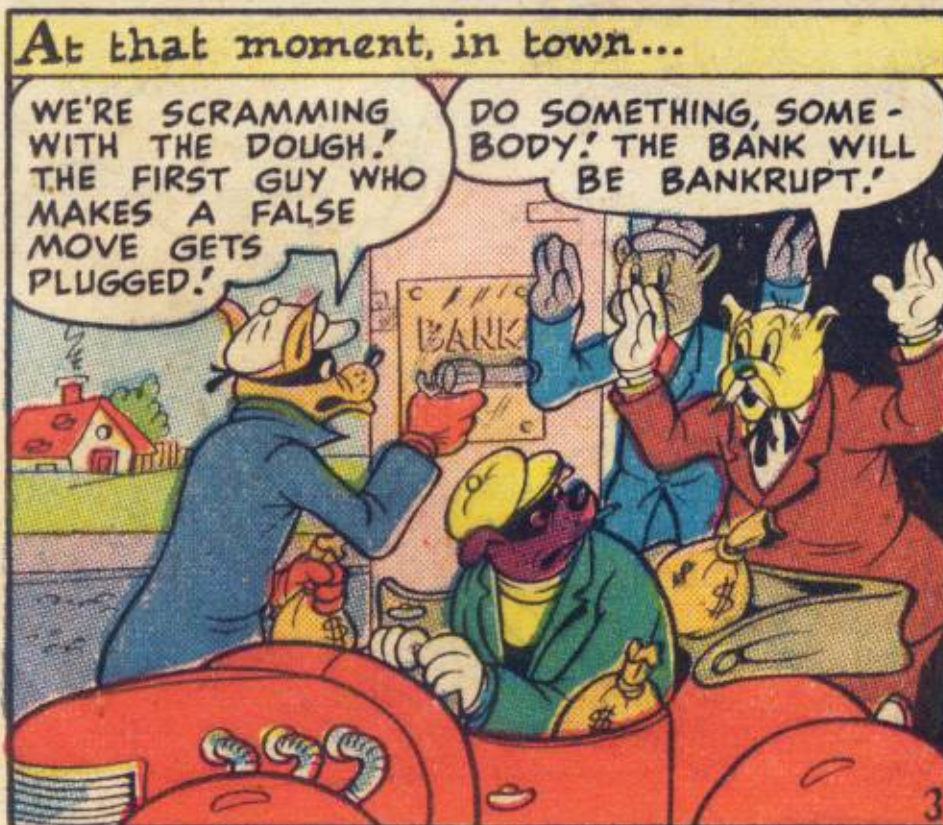
WELL! WELL! WELL! A HORSESHOE!  
NOW I KNOW I'LL HAVE GOOD  
LUCK FINDING A PAL!



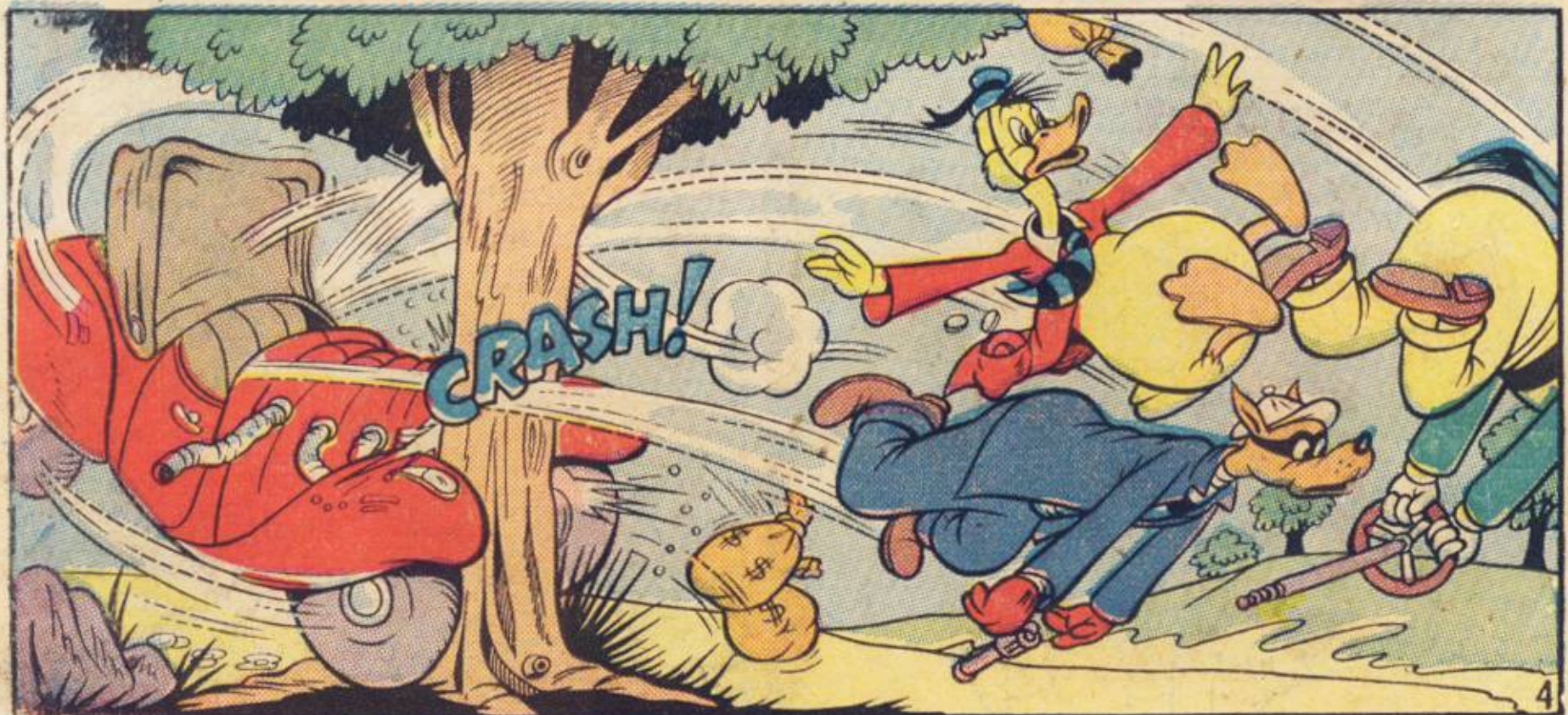
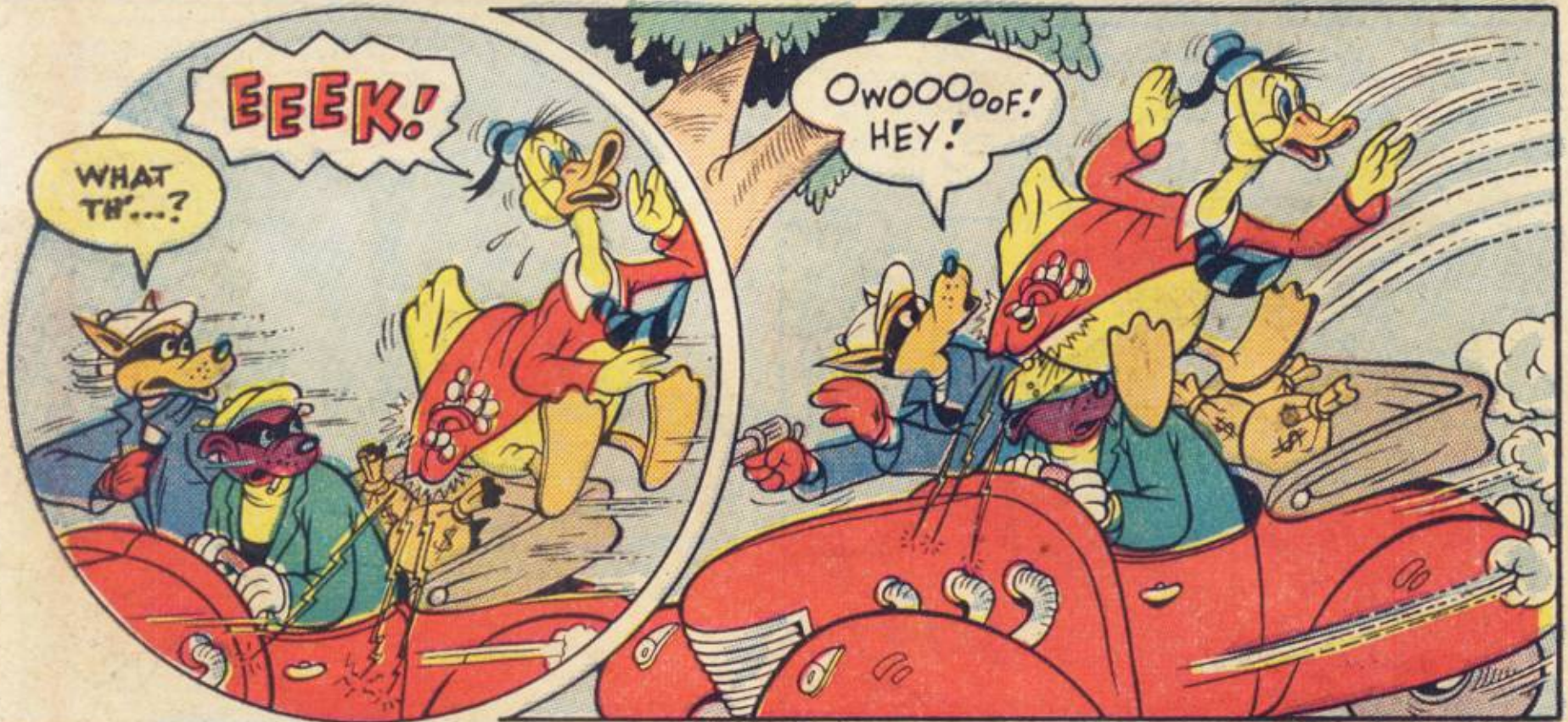
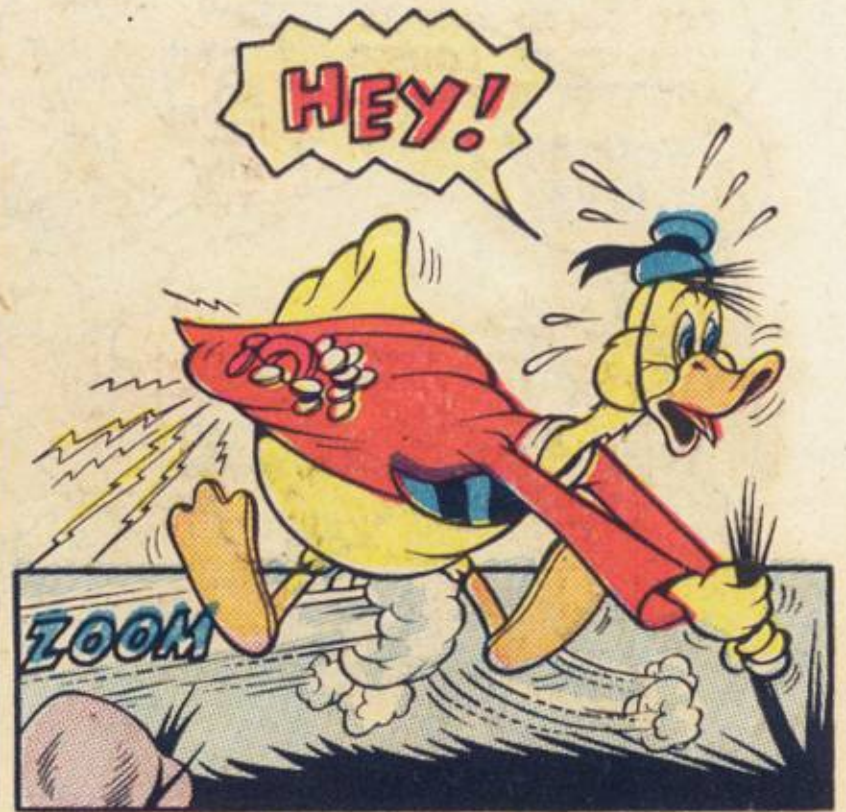
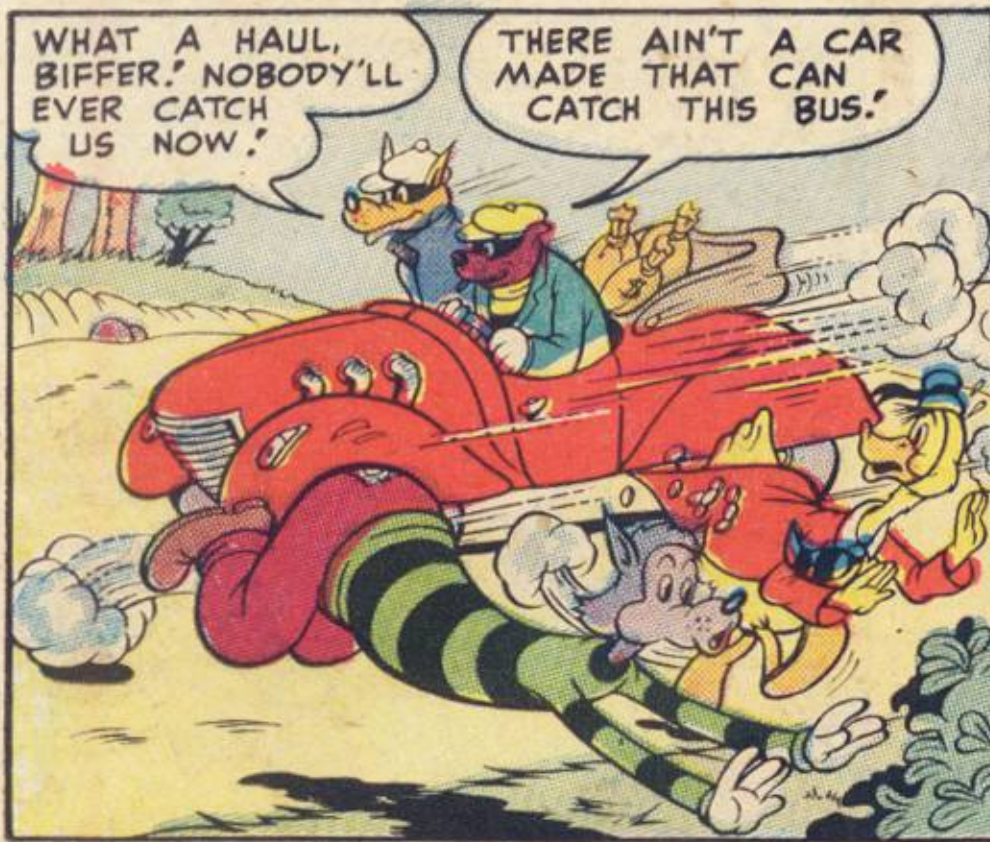




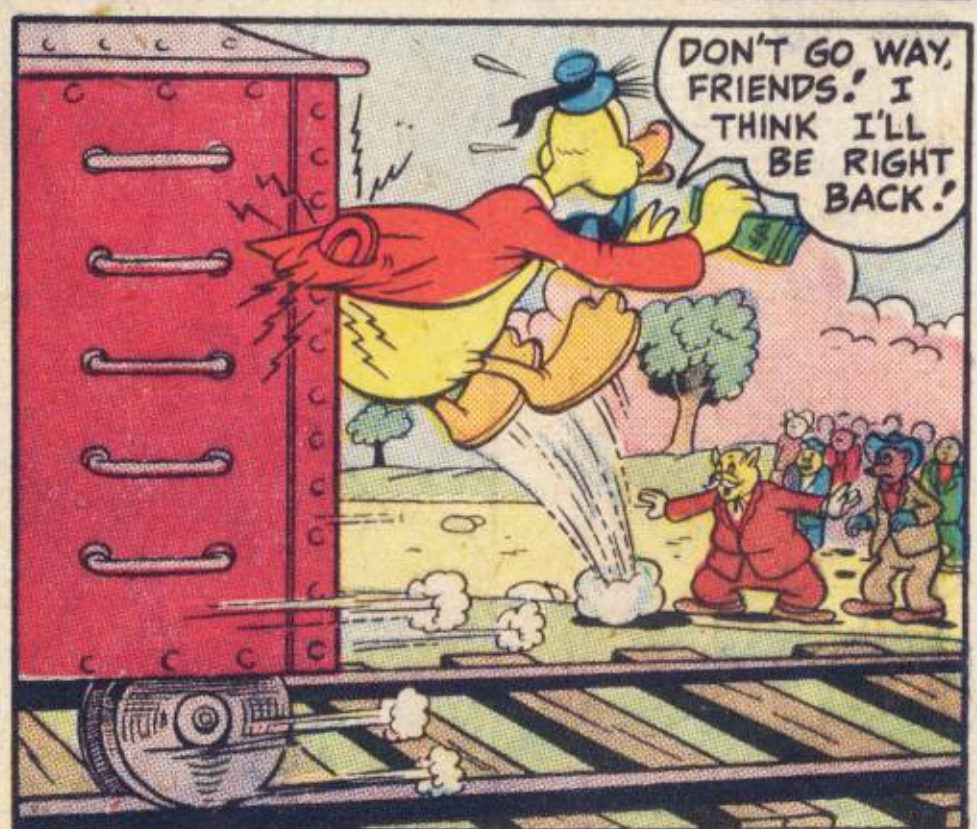
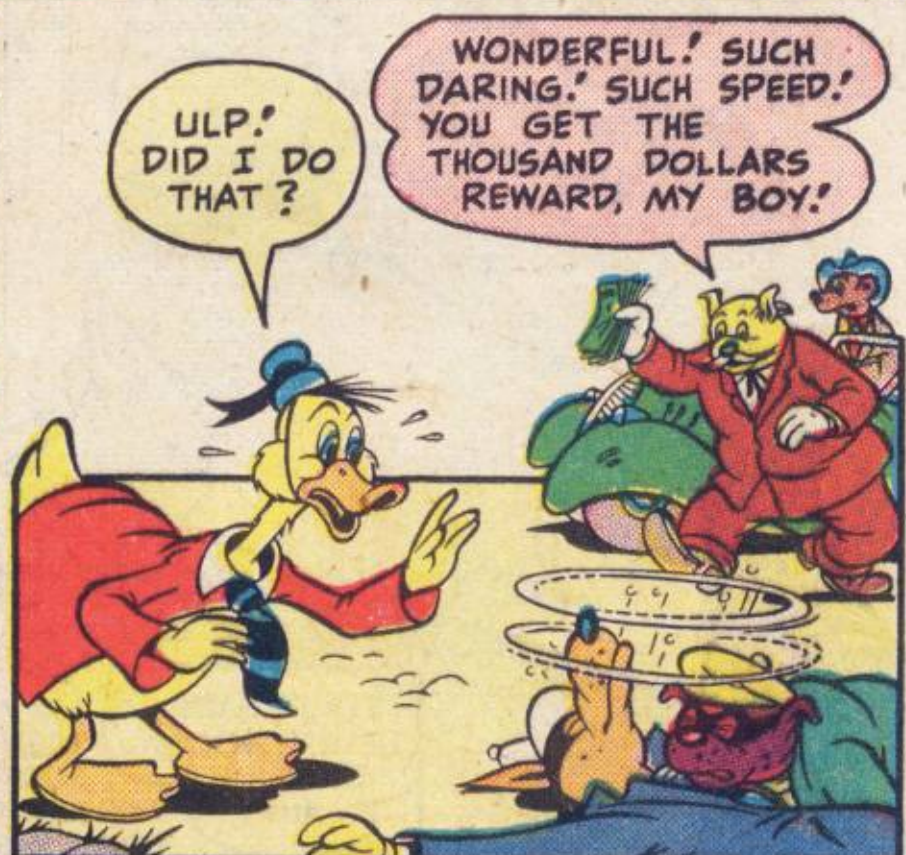
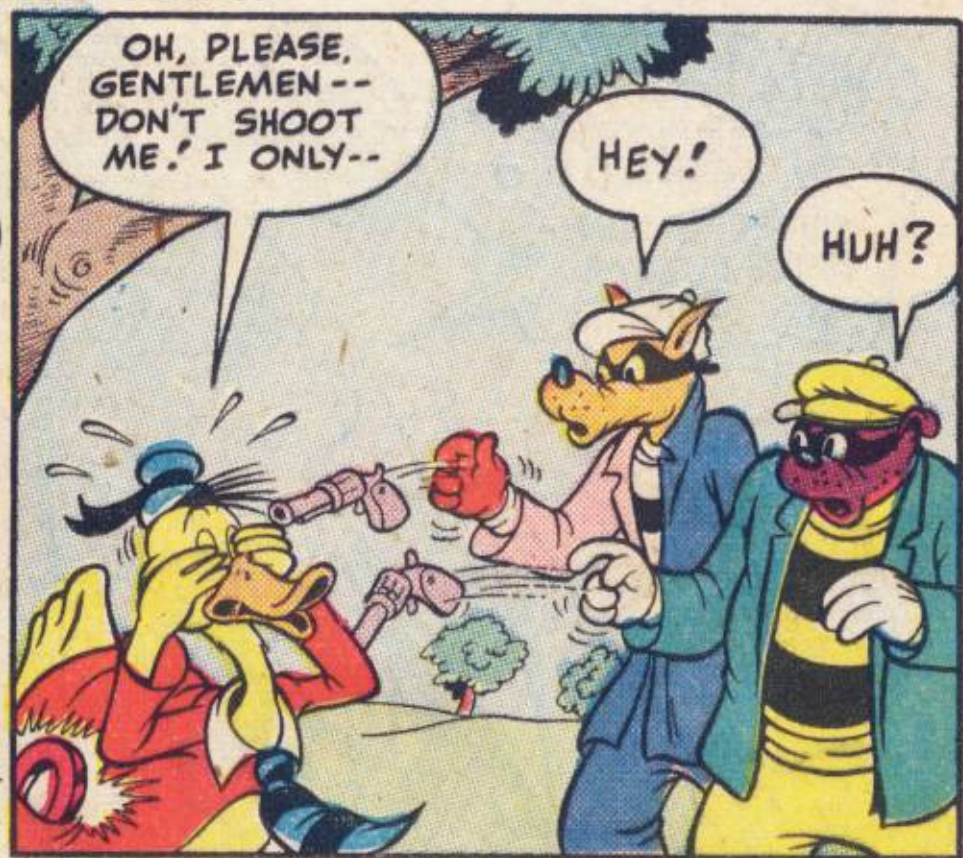














**HEAVENS  
T'BETSY!**

WHIFFEL WHOMP---  
BEING HIT BY A  
CAR!

# Uncle Fuddly

The busiest guy in town, minding everyone else's business!

STAND BACK,  
EVERYBODY...  
GIVE HIM  
AIR!

I'M ALL  
RIGHT,  
FUDDLY!  
THIS HAPPENS  
TO ME 'MOST  
EVERY  
DAY!

DEAR ME!  
I'M GLAD  
HE ISN'T  
HURT!

HURT? HE'S  
ALMOST DEAD!  
C'MON, HELP  
ME CARRY HIM  
UP TO HIS  
APARTMENT!

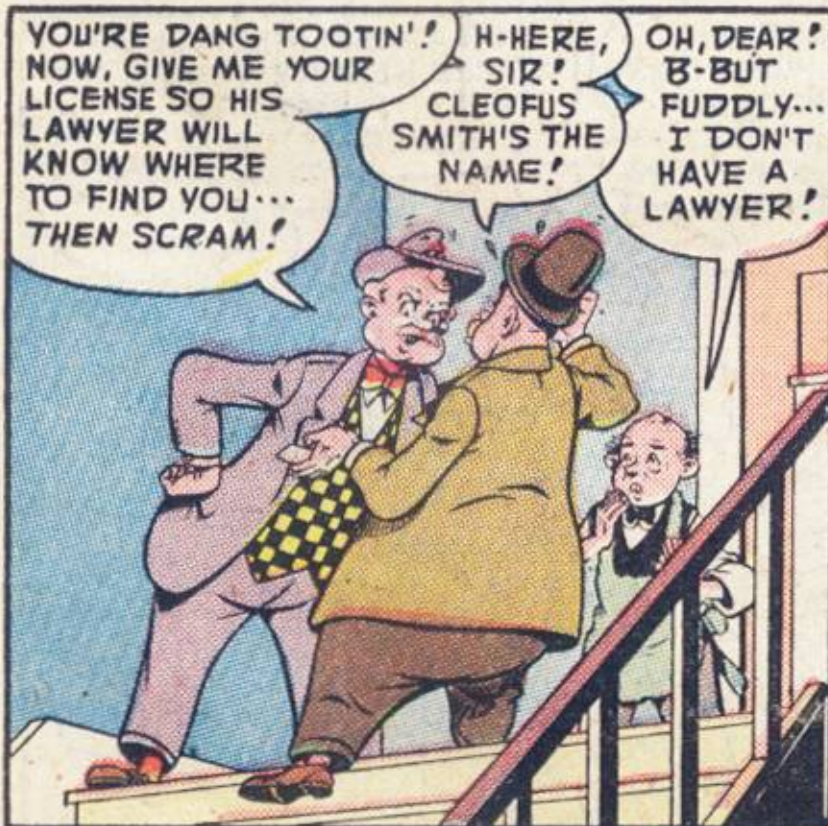
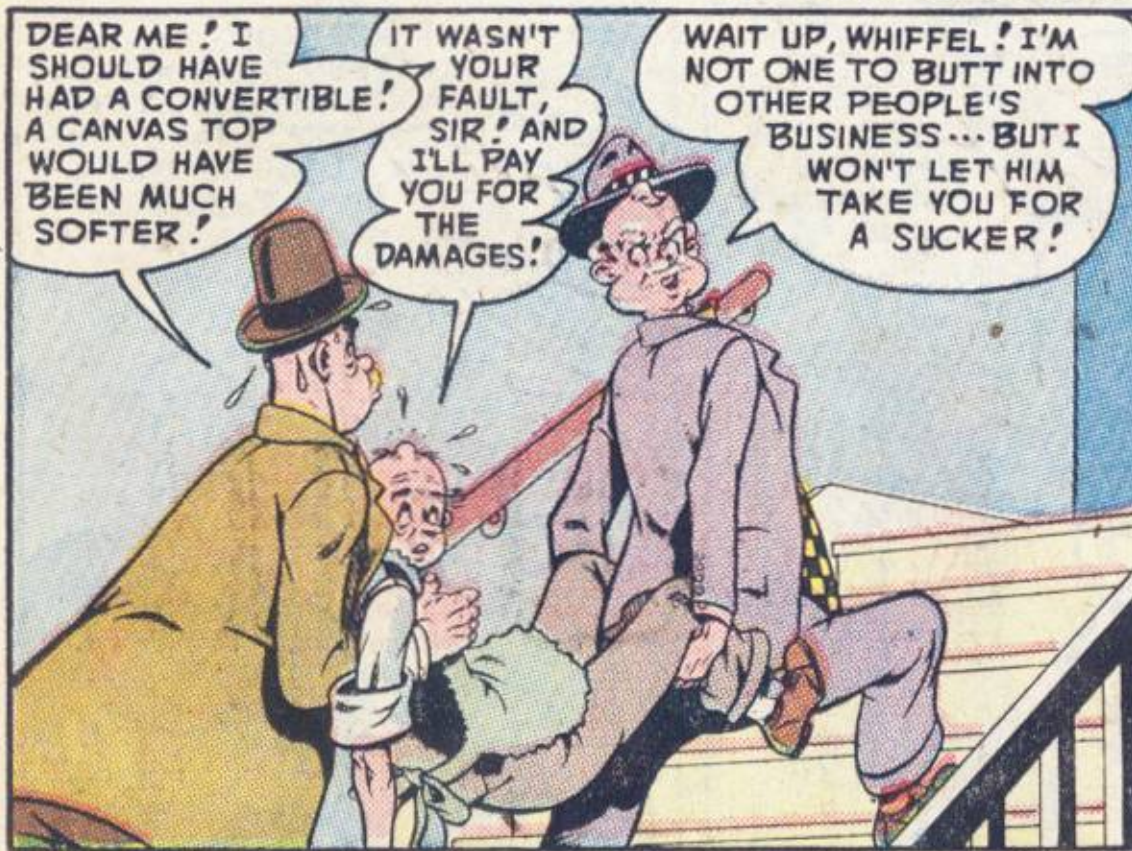
OH,  
YES,  
YES!

OH,  
NO!  
I'M  
SURE  
BELINDA  
WOULDN'T  
LIKE  
THAT!

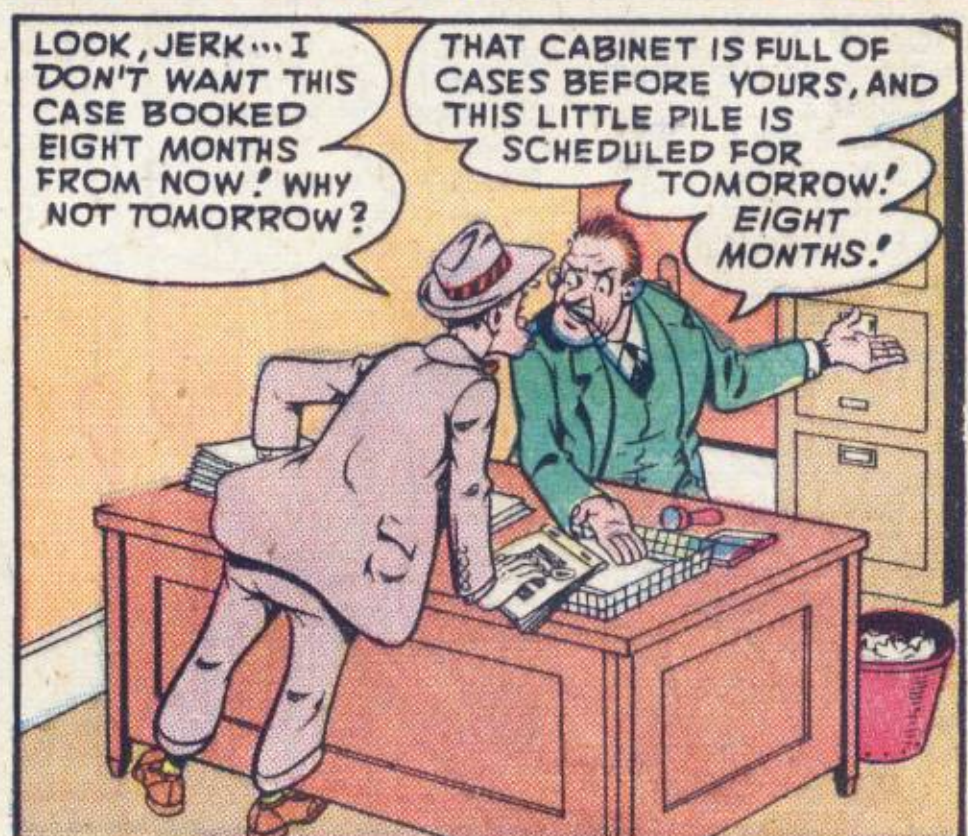
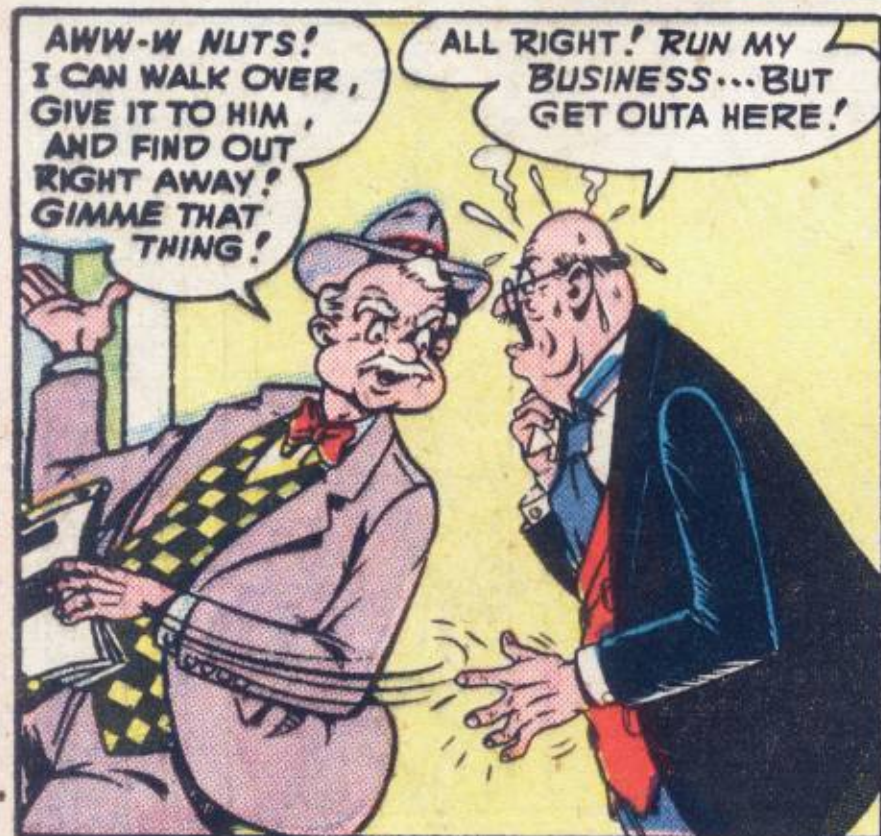
CALL A  
DOCTOR,  
SOMEBODY!



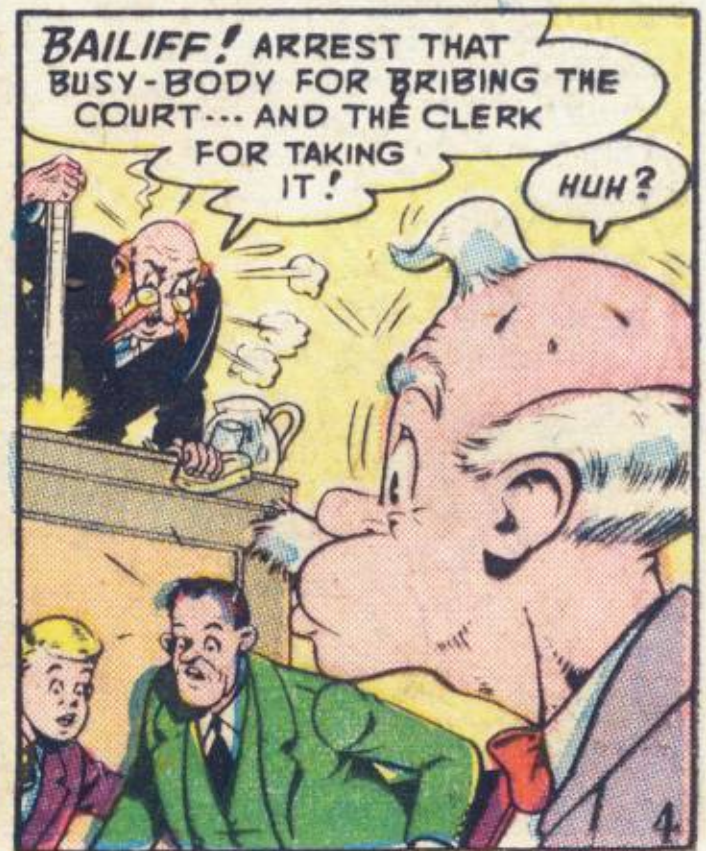
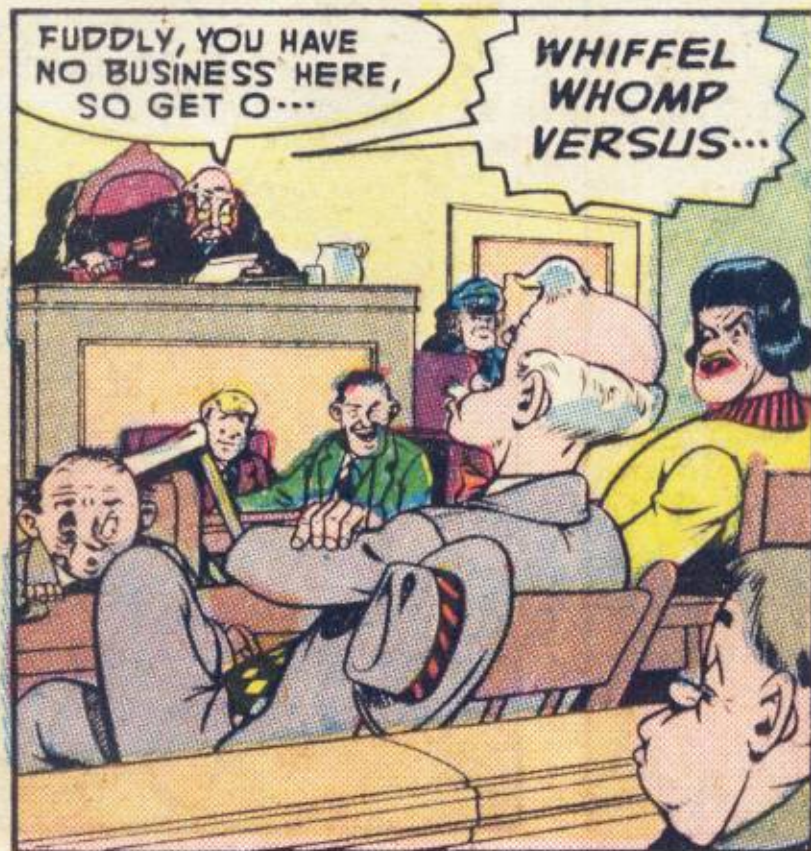
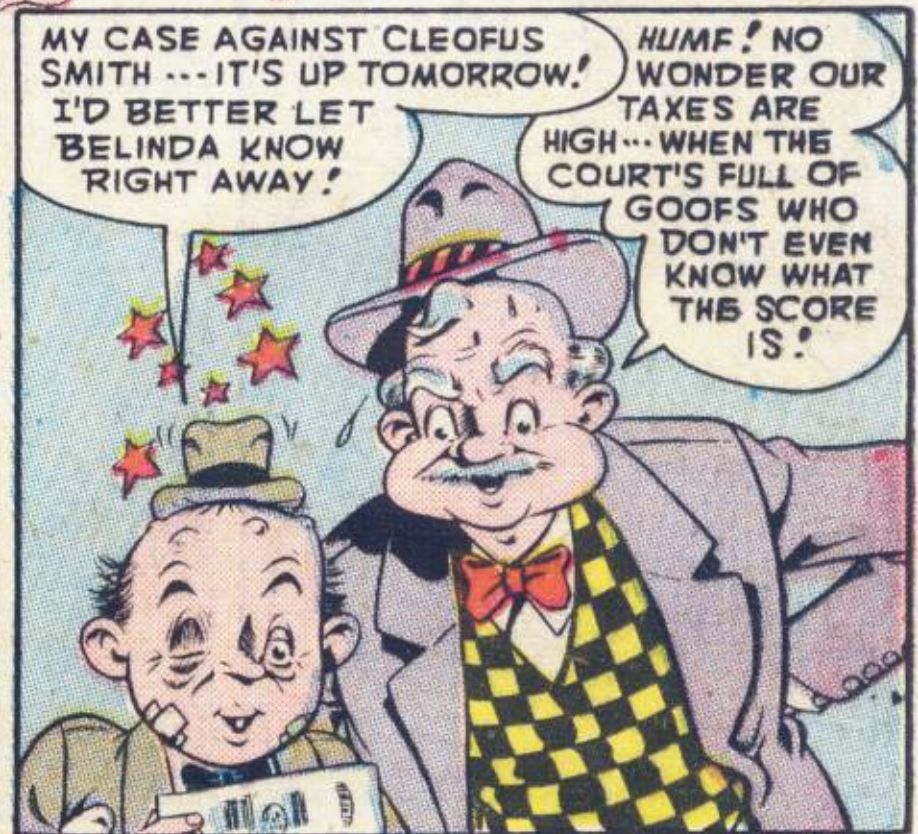
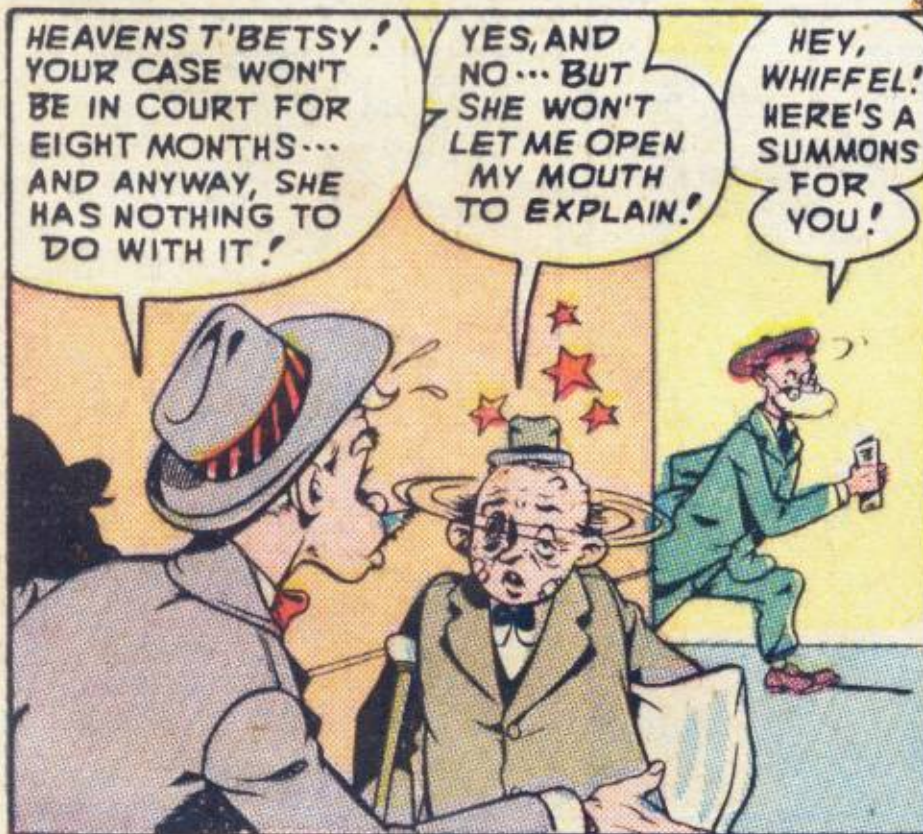




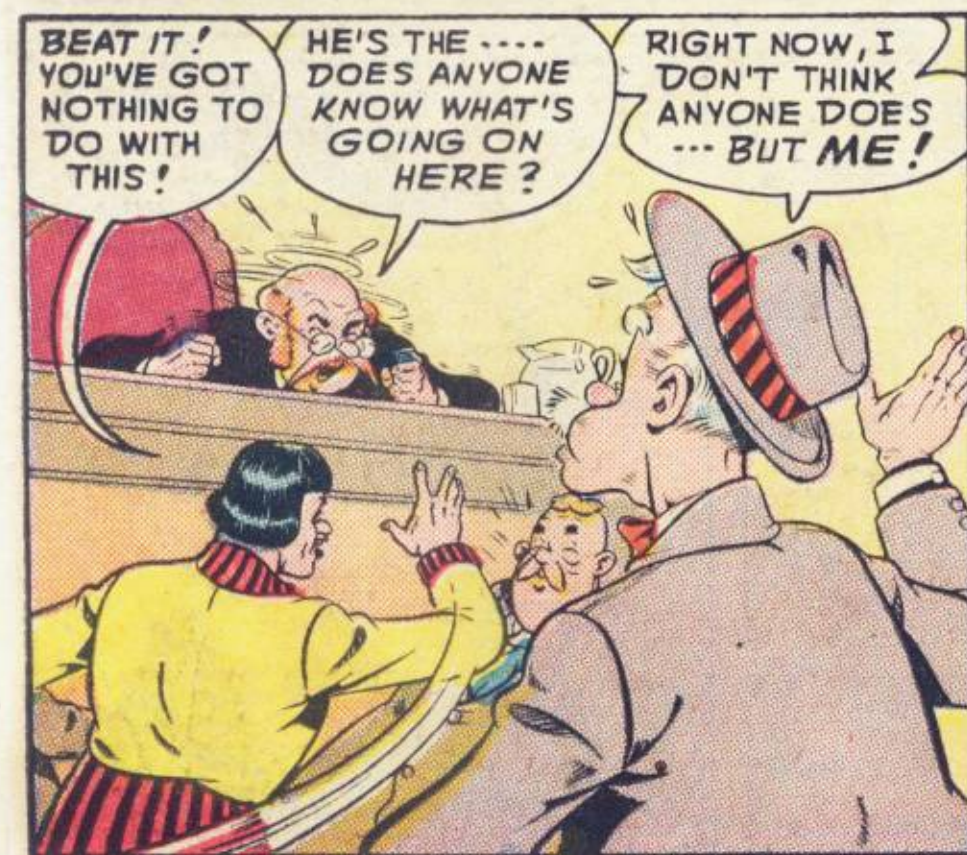
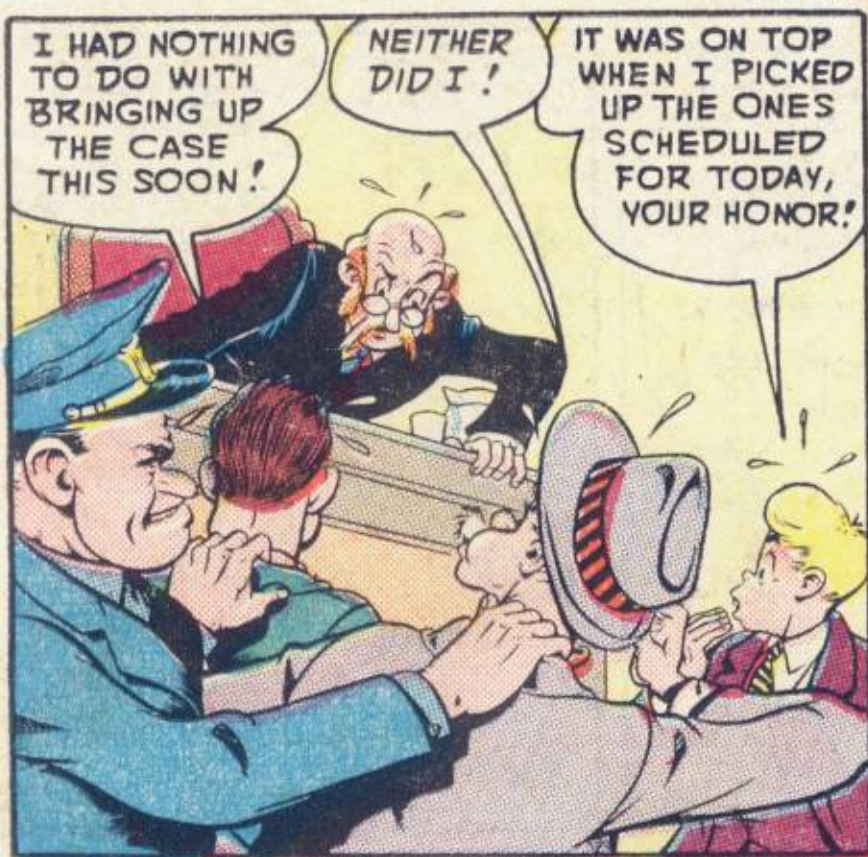




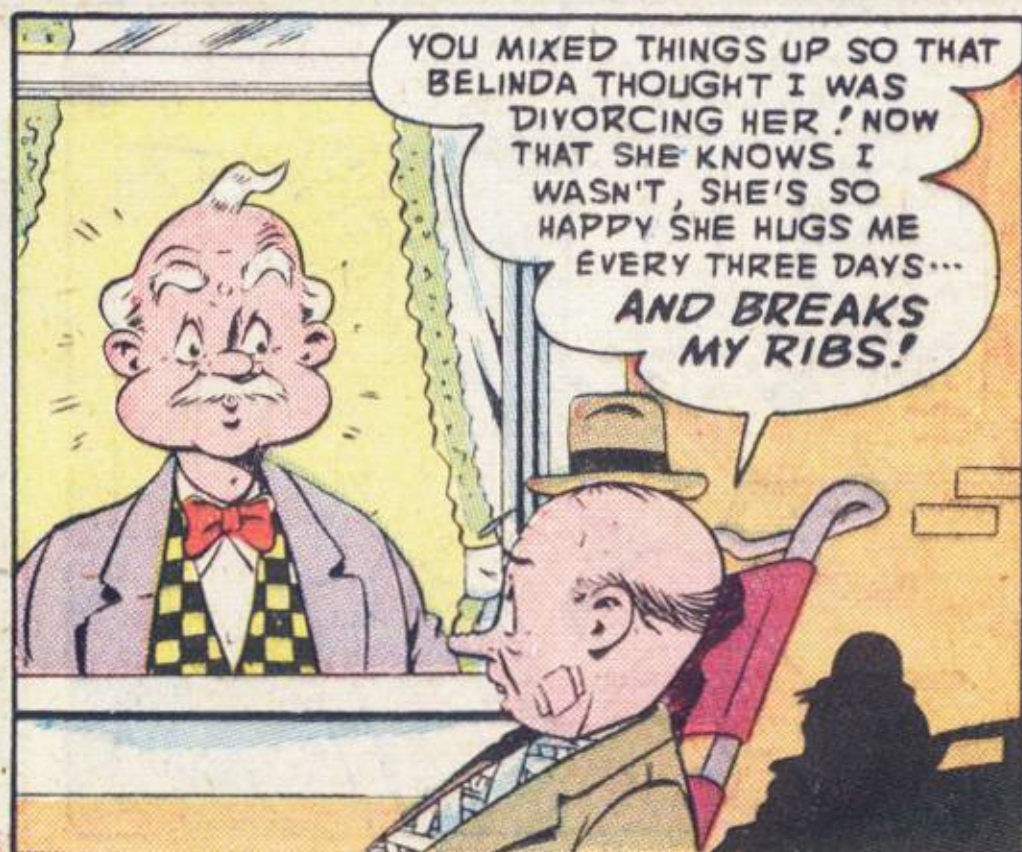
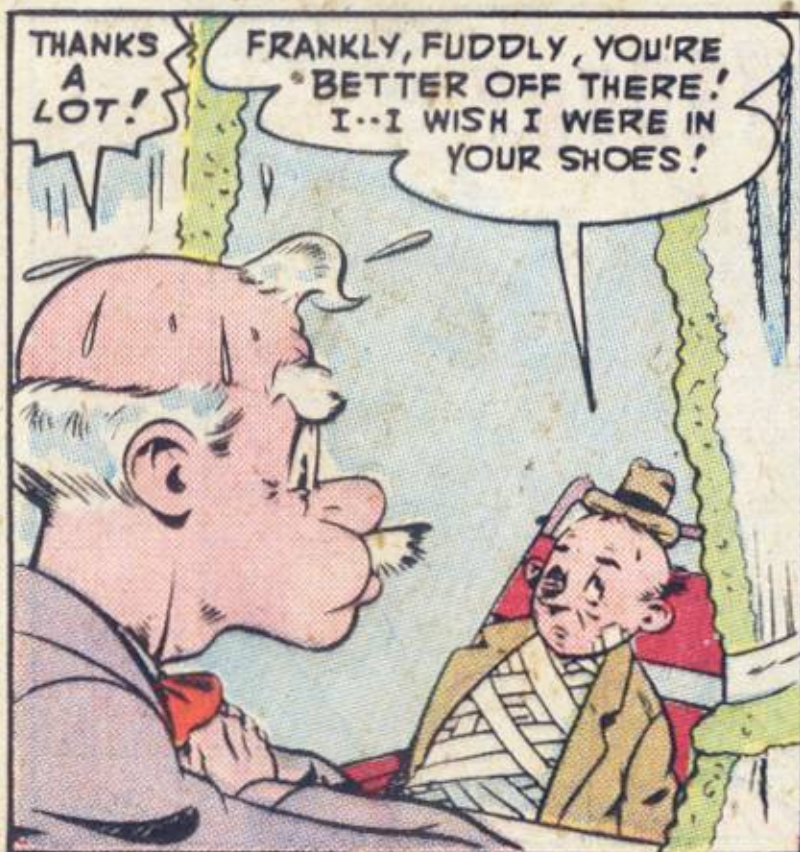
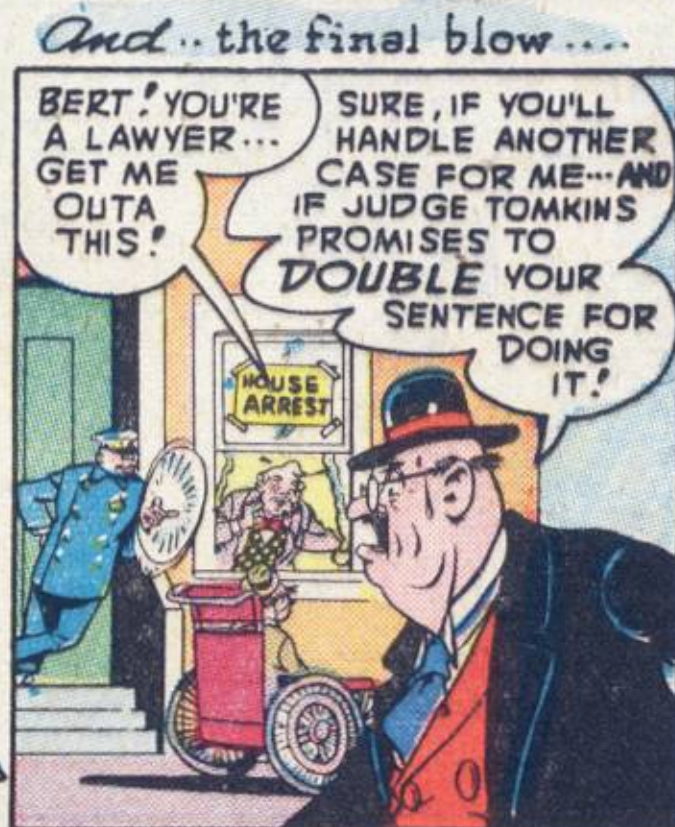
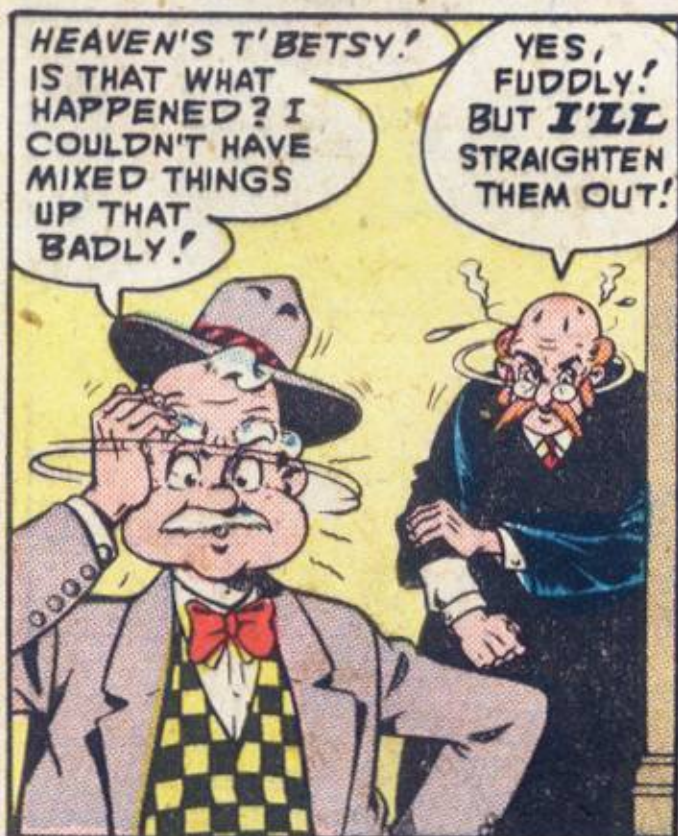










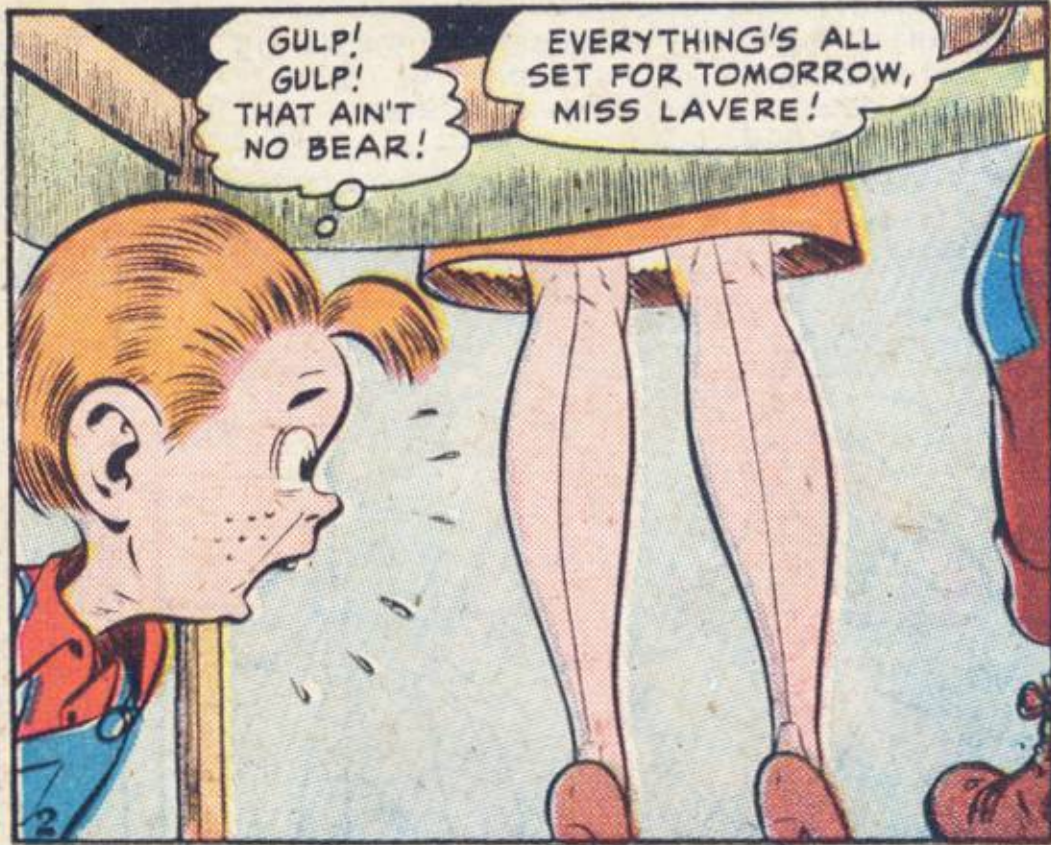
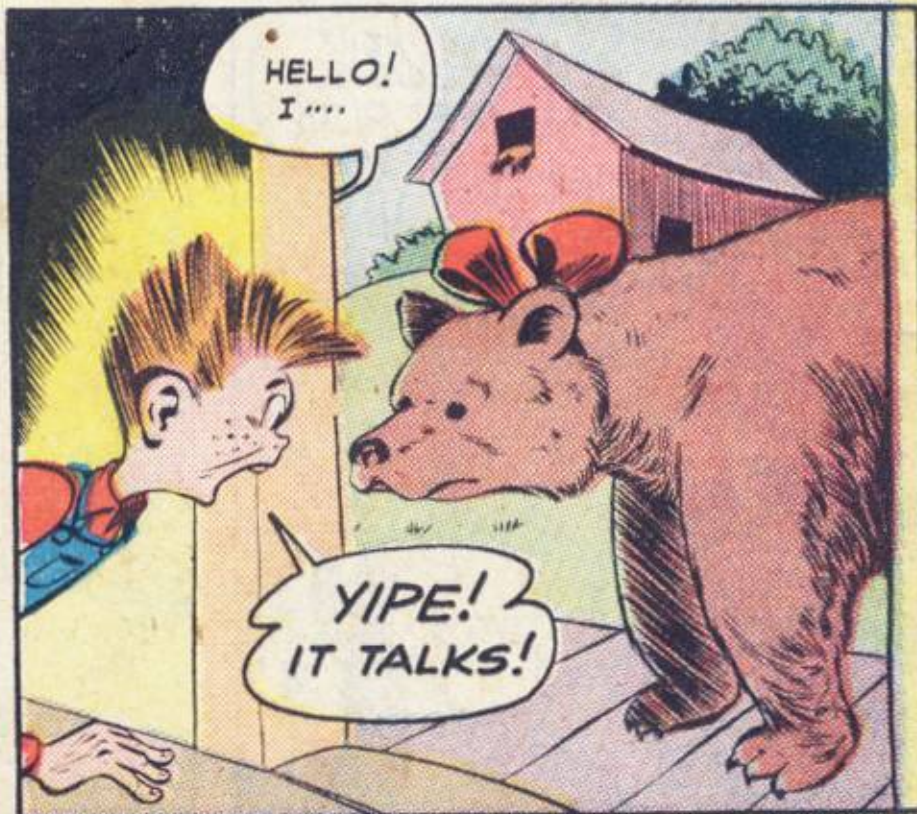
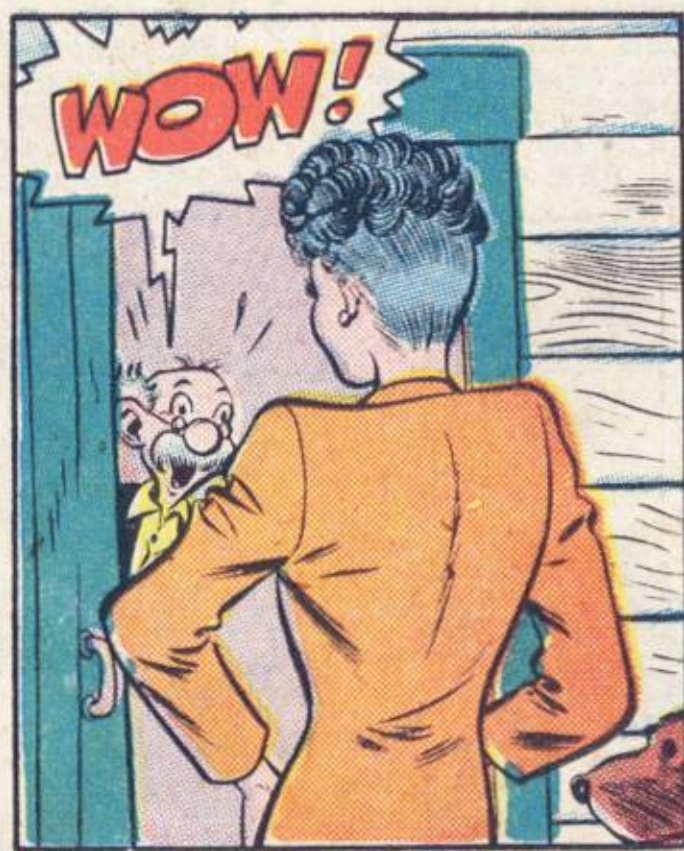




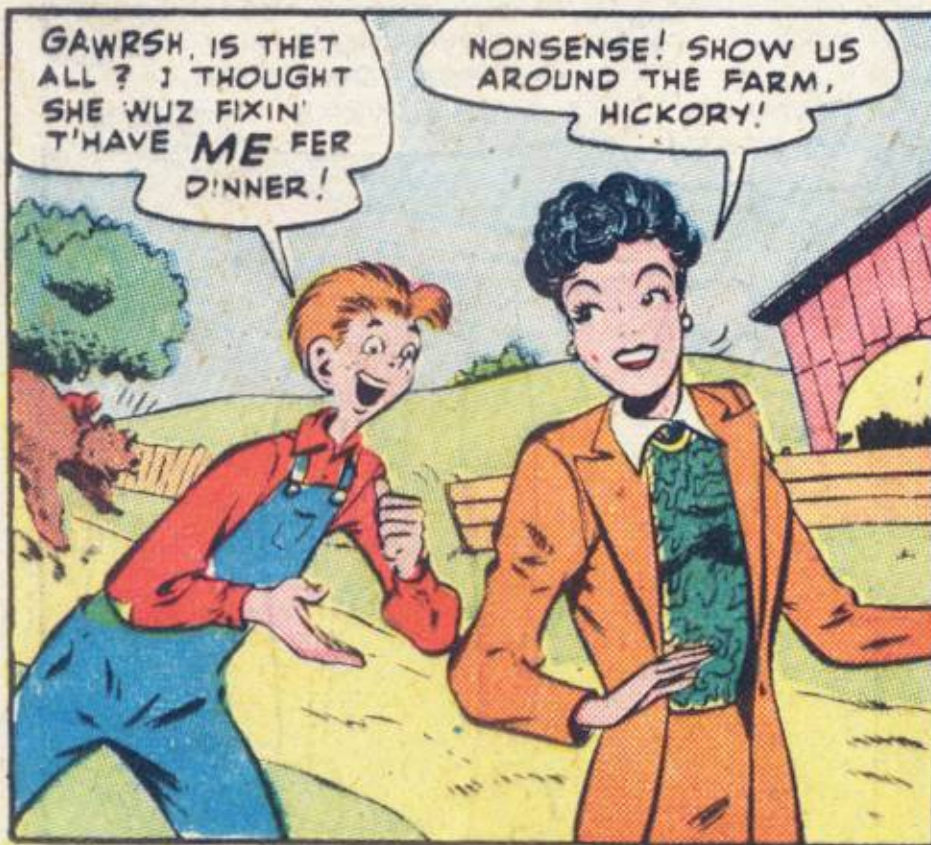
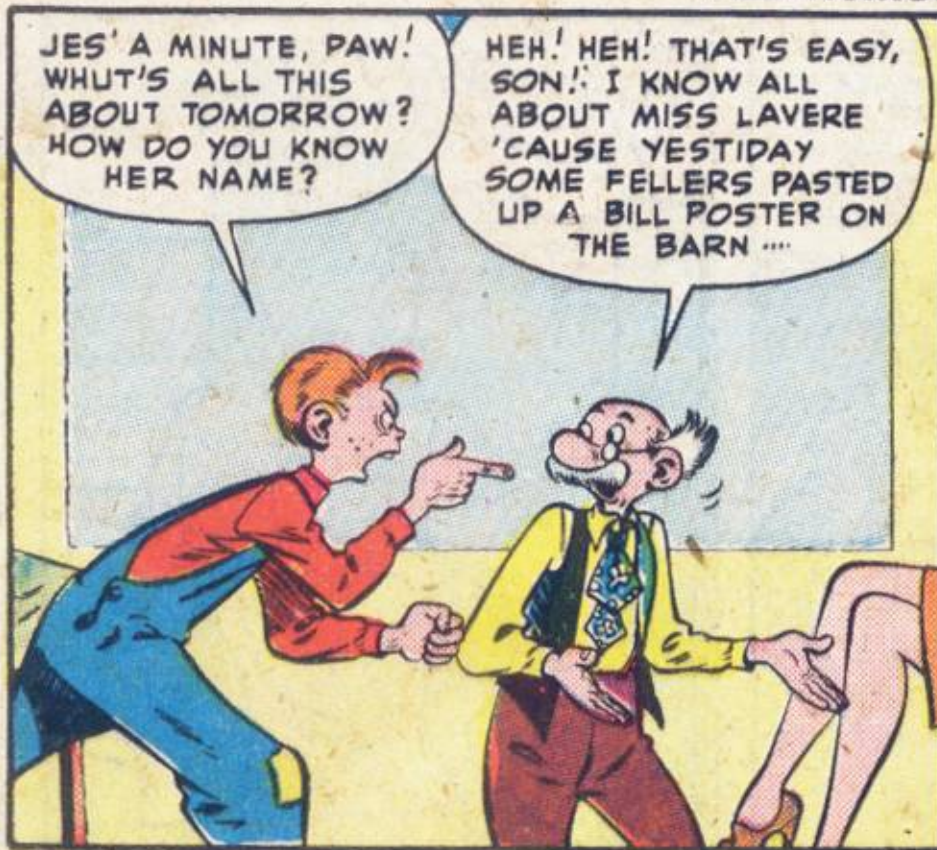
# HICKORY



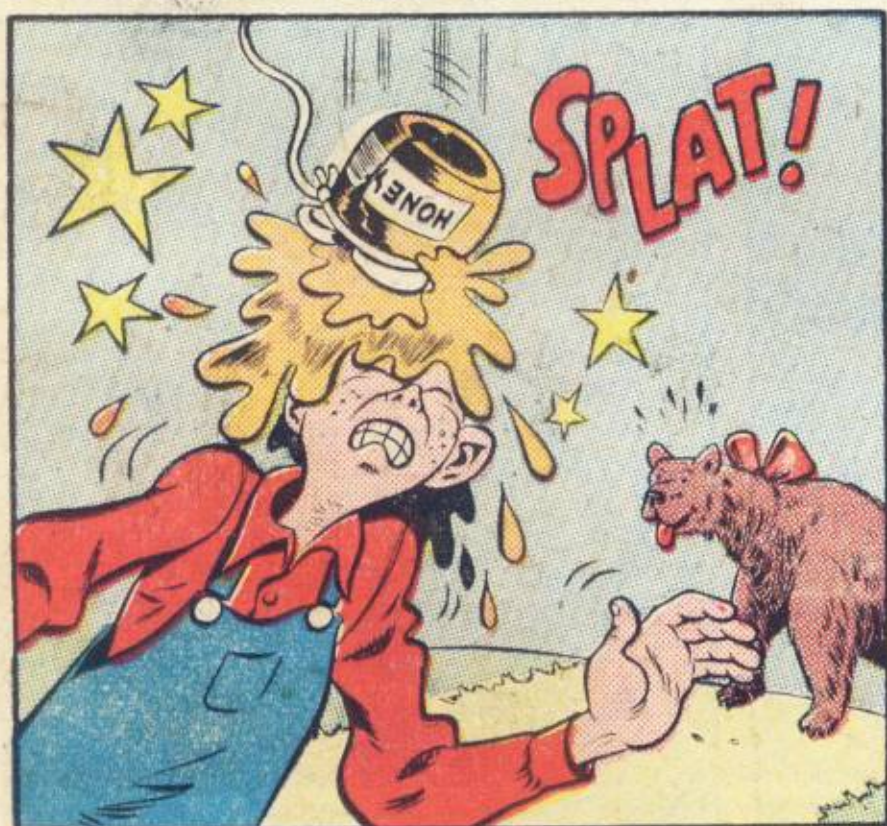
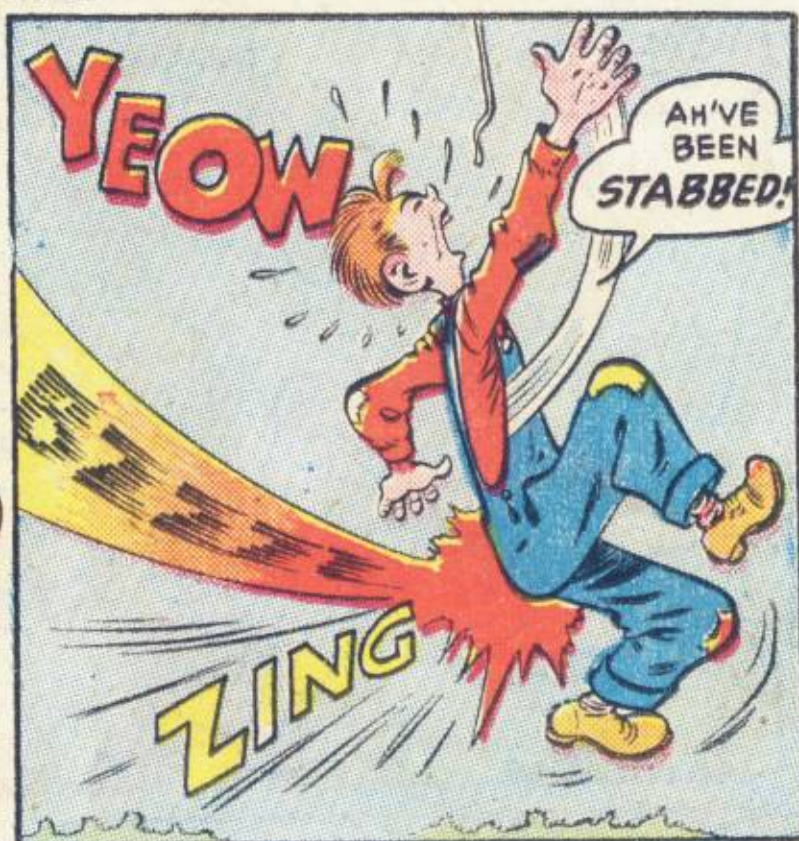
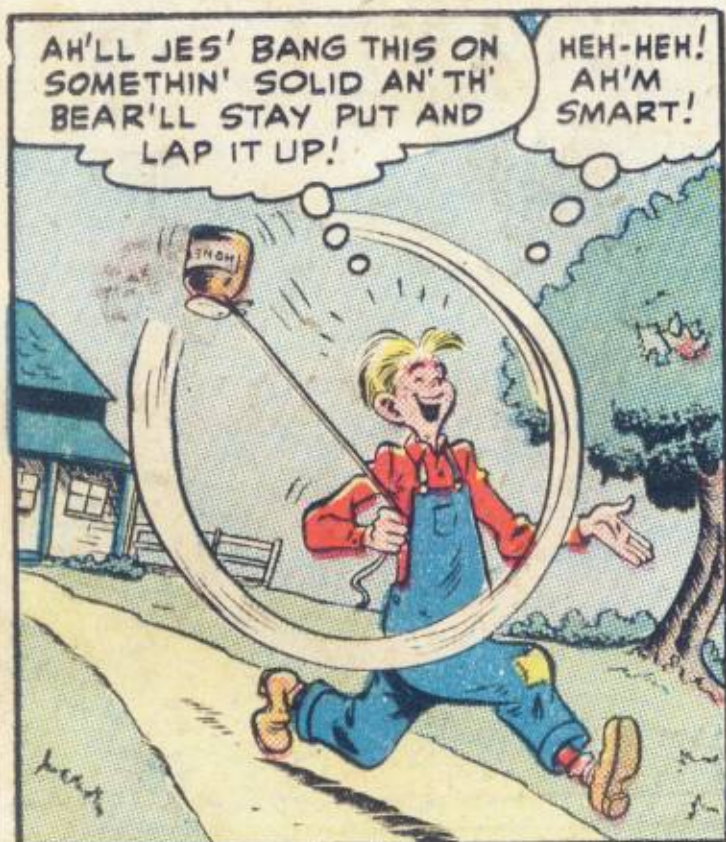




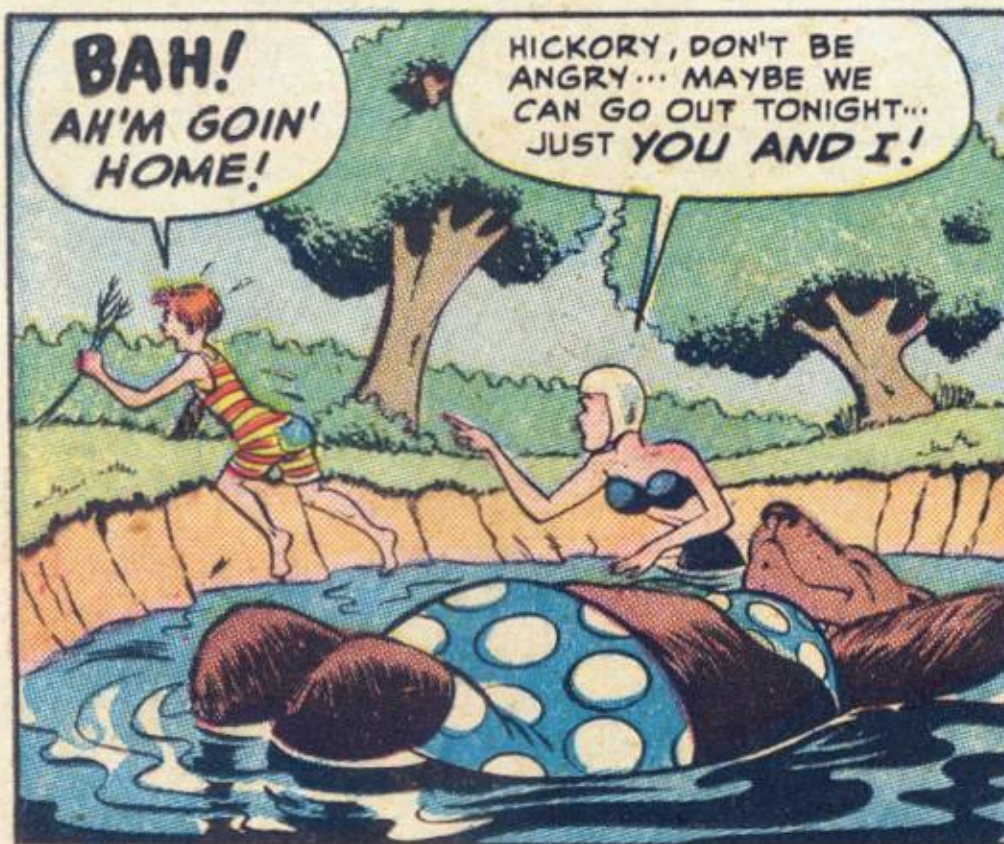
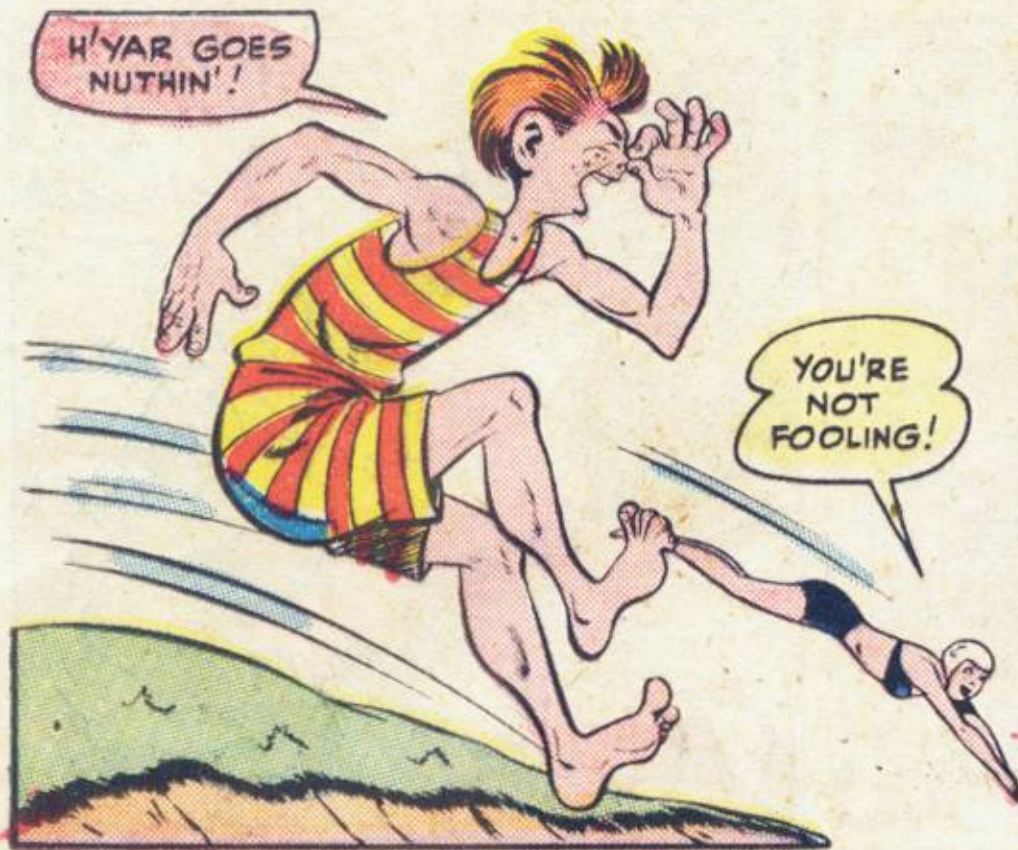




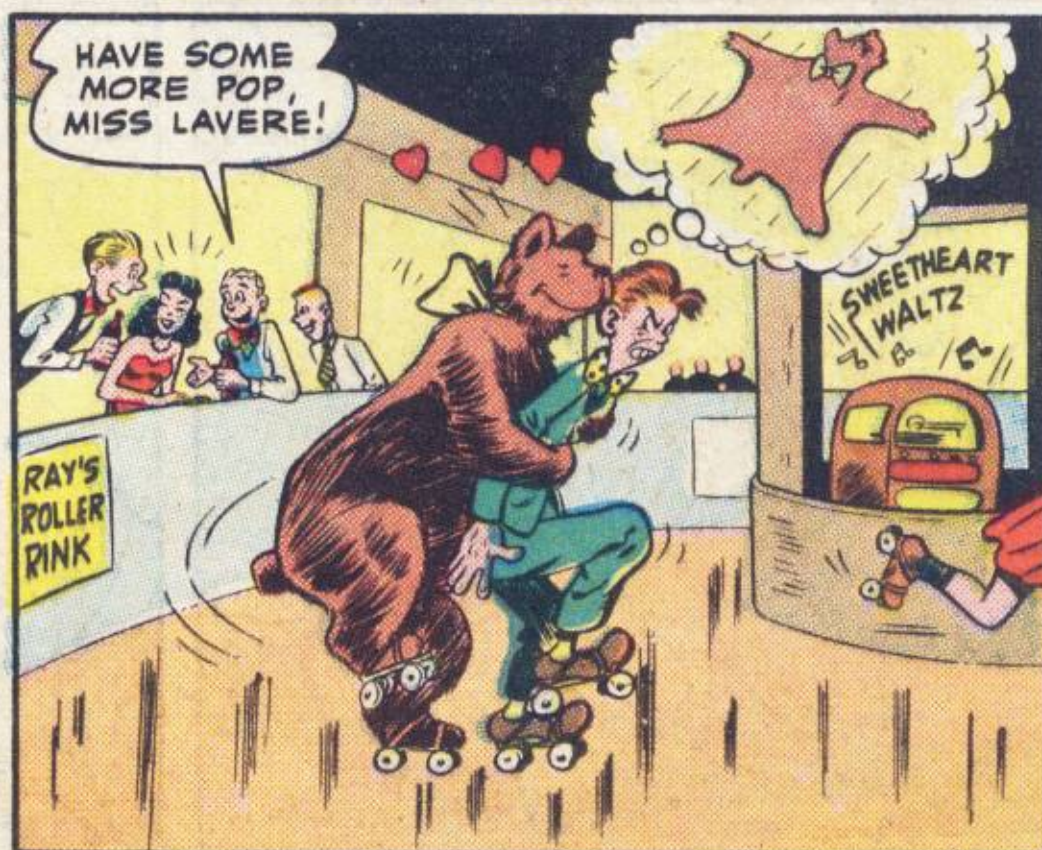
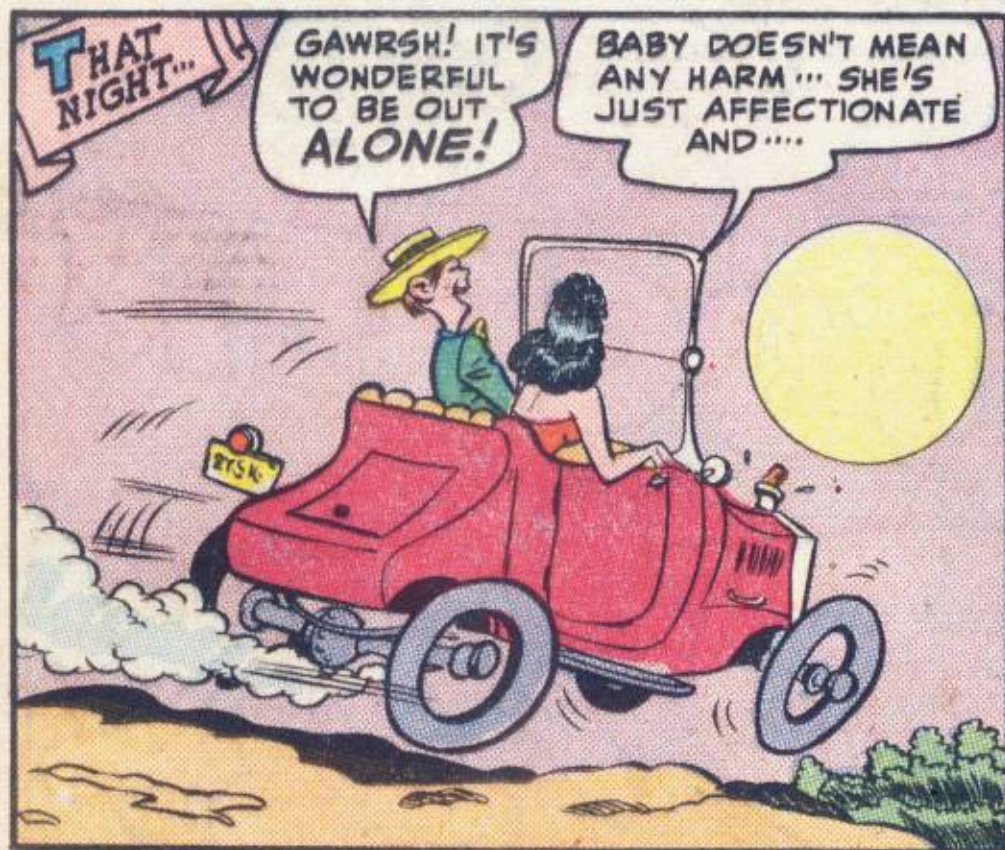








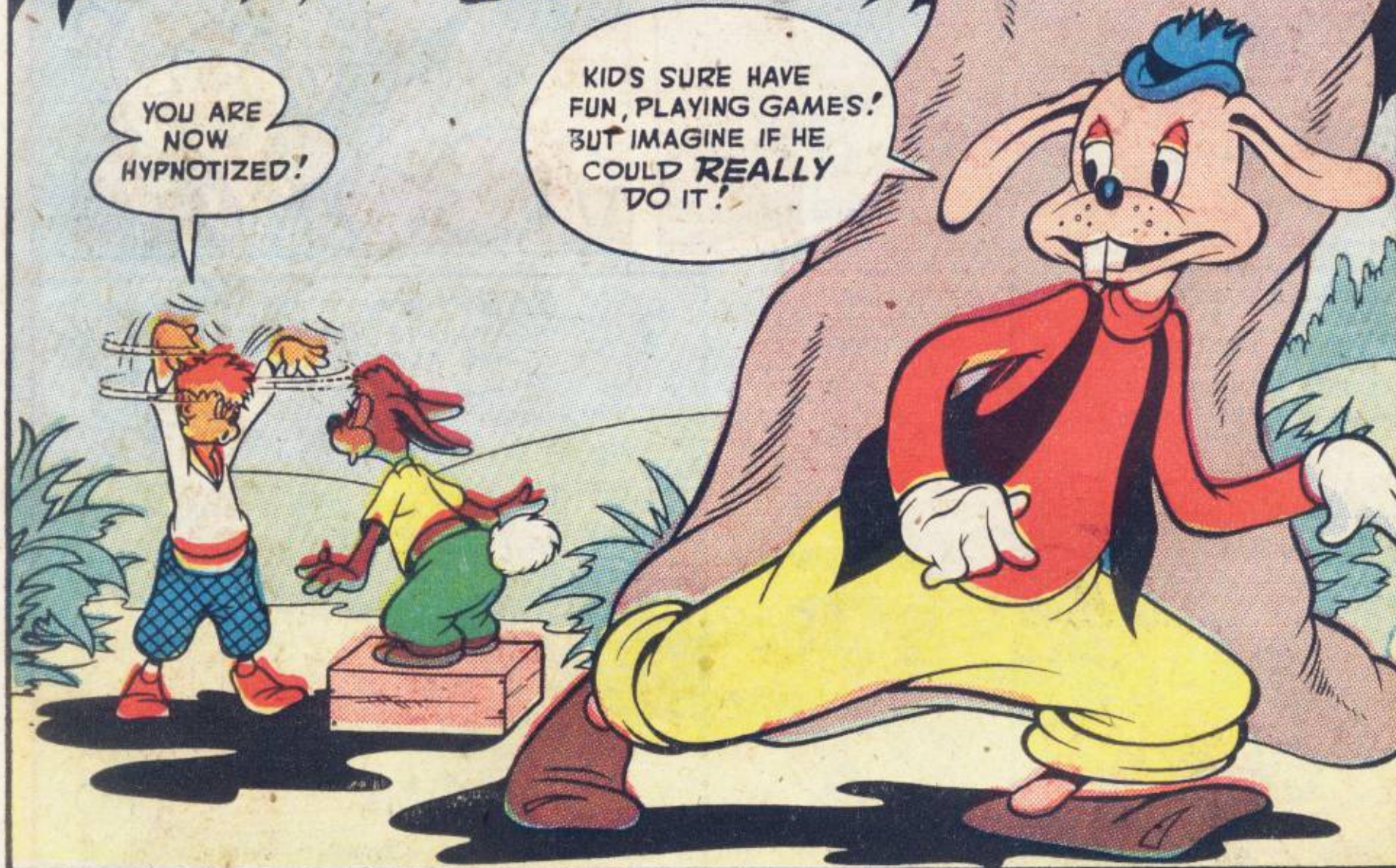




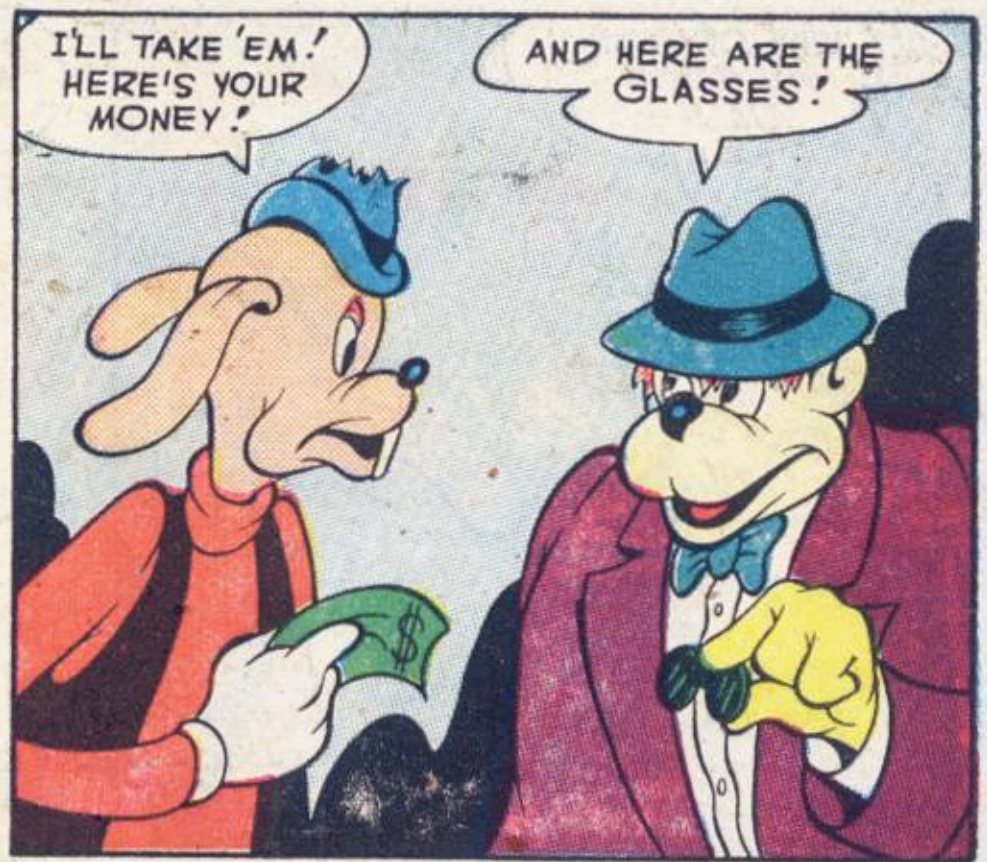


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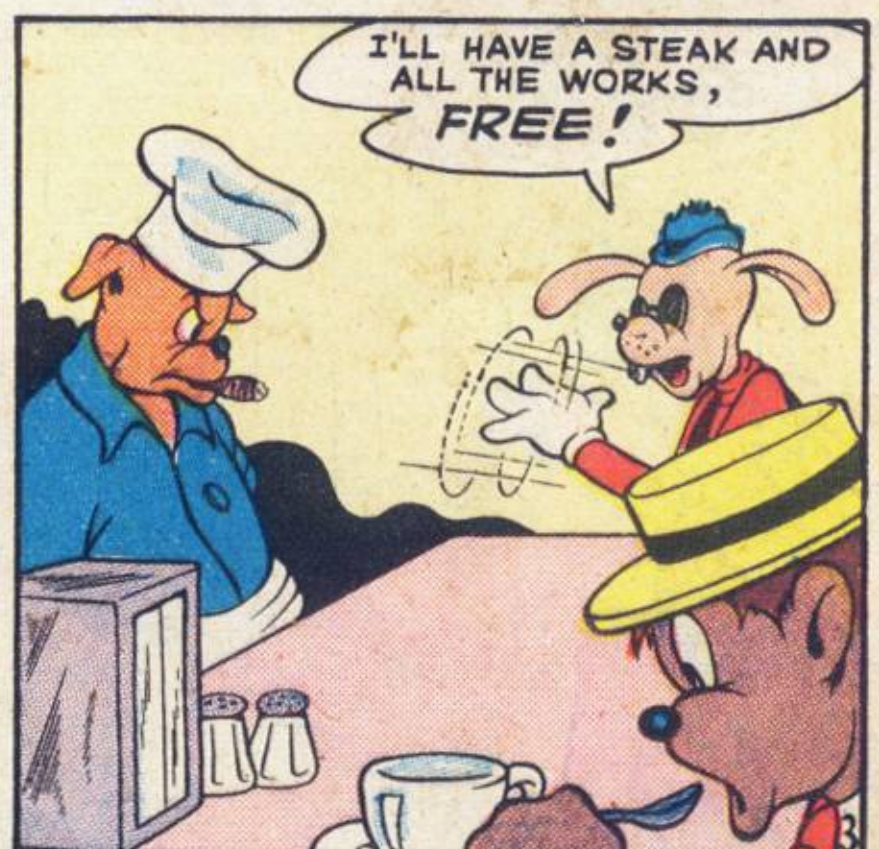
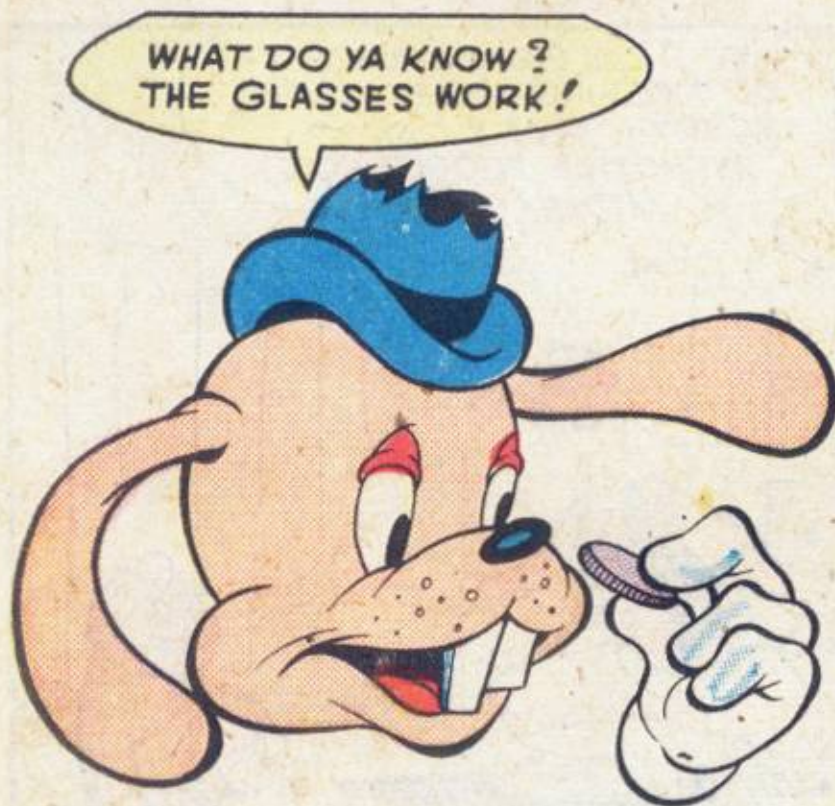
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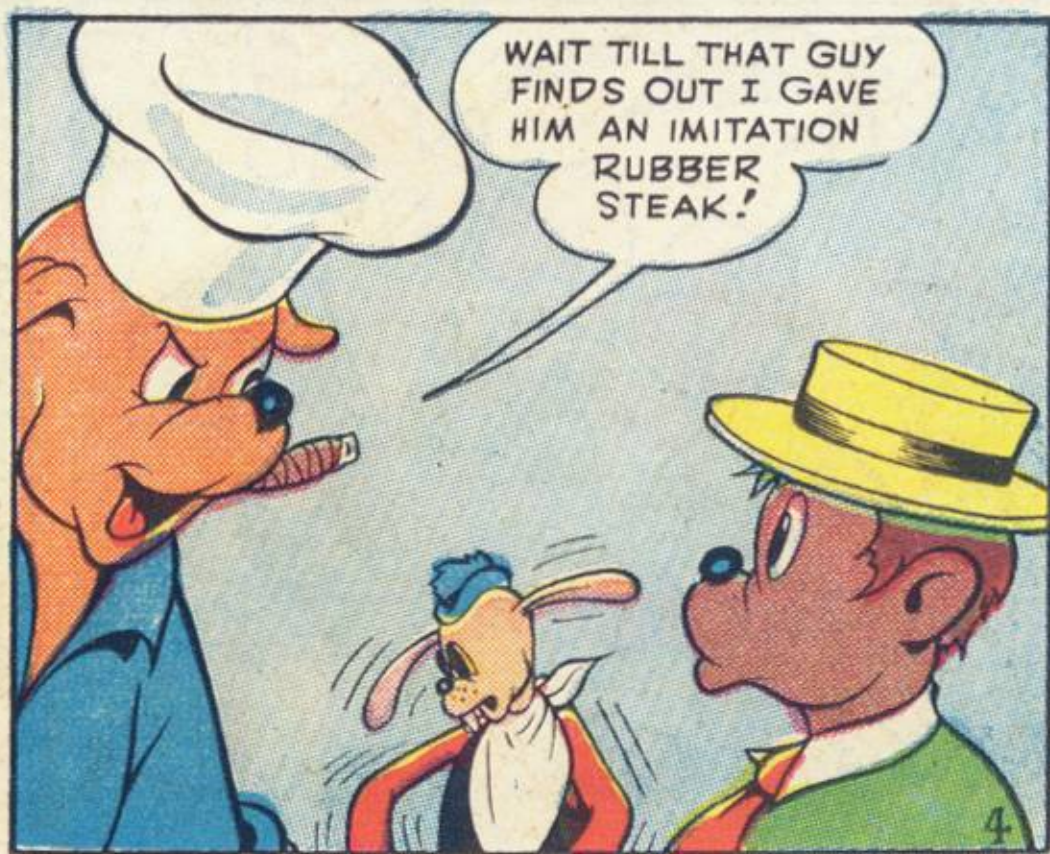
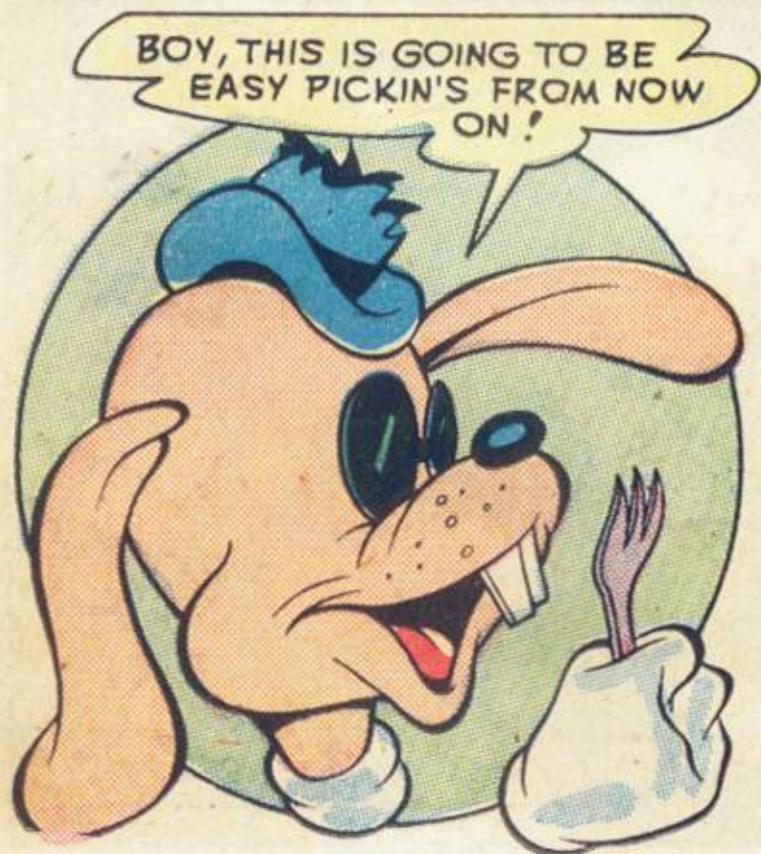
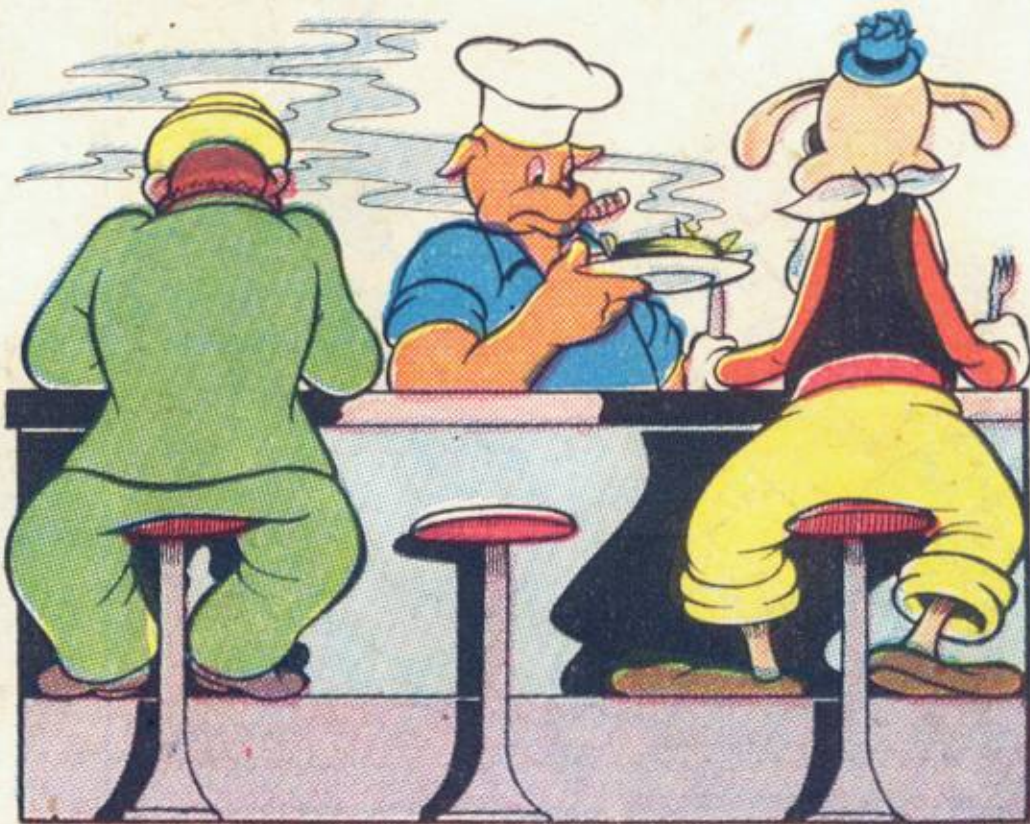
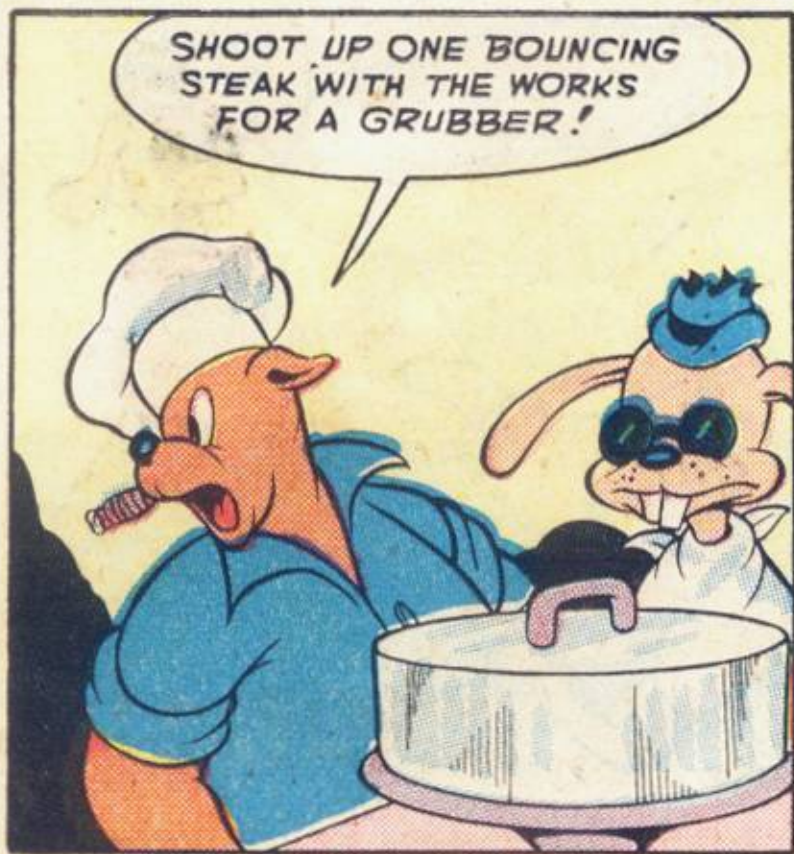




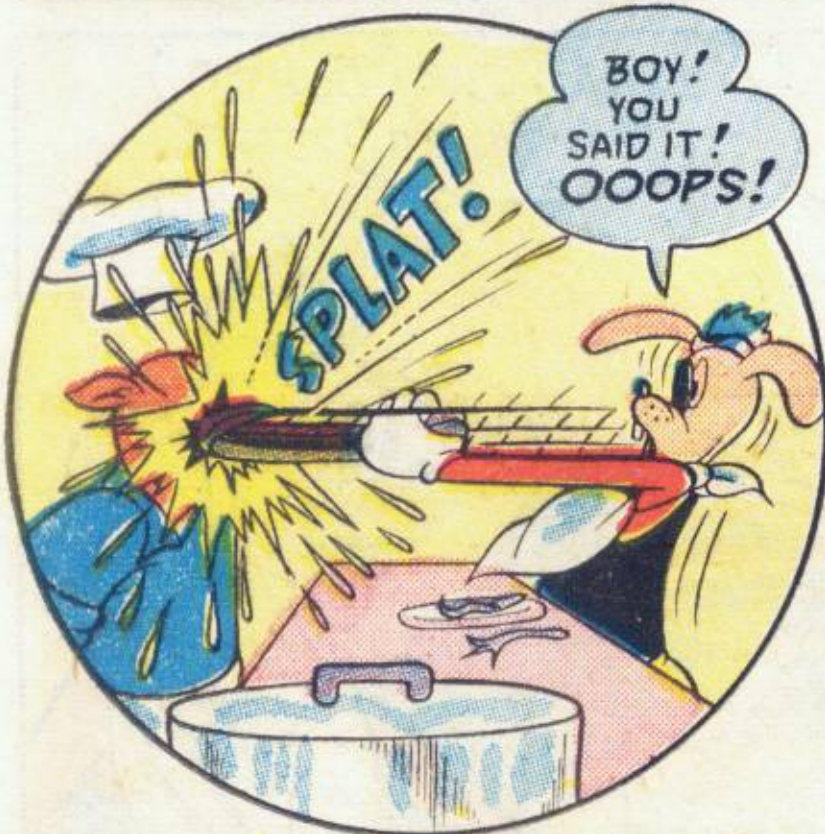
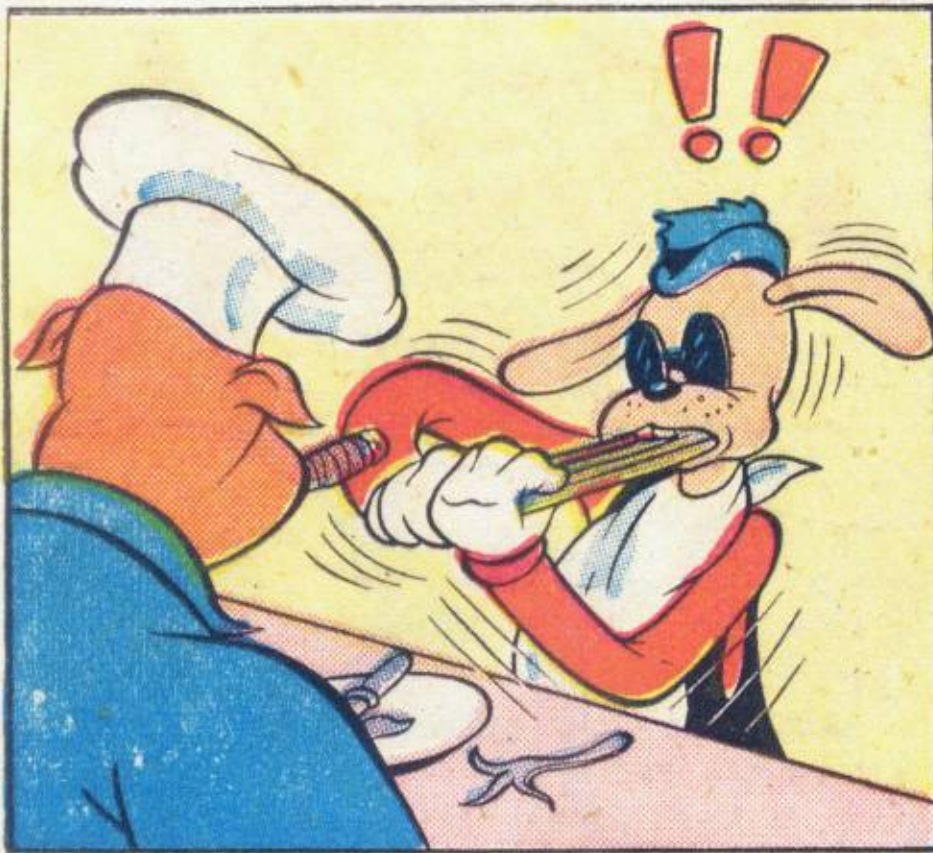














# The DERBY DOES IT

THE Plaza de Toros was brim-full of avid fans that day. All bull fights drew great crowds in Mexico City. But today there was a special reason for the vast assembly: Senor Charley was to fight a bull!

Now in case you don't know about Senor Charley—who is really known as Senor Don Carlos Morenas y Pachucas—you should learn, because he is without any question the greatest torero in all Mexico!

So the crowds howled and threw seat cushions and papers and hats into the arena as each of the preliminary fighters either dispatched their bull, or made a monkey out of themselves by not doing so. A certain American comedian by name of Charley was in the stands that day. He was accompanied by one of Mexico's bright officials of state.

"This fight," says the Mexican, "she will be a great one, no? With Charley in the ring! Aha!"

"Charley?" asked the American innocently. "Is there then a Charley to fight?"

The Mexican nodded rapidly and moved his hands in a gesture that said, "What colossal dumbness, is there a Charley to fight!" But the official let the gesture ride itself out without saying anything.

The second prelim was about over. The bull moved around the arena, one red eye cocked at his tormentor, front feet pawing the ground and loud snorts coming from his dusty nose.

The torero danced and pirouetted and shook his cape in a fine manner. The bull rushed. The fighter sidestepped daintily. The fighter lost his balance and sat down plunk in the sand. The old bull, wise to all the tricks and alert for an opening to do mayhem, whirled and came back with a rush.

"Yow!" yelled the picadores as they dashed in to fend off the snorting beast. The bull turned aside and galloped off into the chutes, where the gate had not been let down.

The fighter limped off the field, lamed by his fall. The crowd hooted and jeered and built tiny

fires to show their derision. For such is the way of bullfight fans.

The next event was much the same. It went slow at first, speeded up toward the end. And the torero, who was a shade better at his game than the last one, got in the *faena*, or death thrust just before the tired bull collapsed from sheer fatigue.

Again the crowd yelled their derision. This was not a fight! This was a game! The bull simply died from old age!

Charley, the American comedian, nudged the Mexican official. "Is this a bull fight?" he asked with a blank face.

"Si," said the official. "But I have seen more exciting fights. There is yet one more of these preliminary fights. Then, senor, watch!"

"I'm watching," replied the American imperturbably.

The next fight was good. Ricardo Munde was a fast, clever fighter from Madrid who knew all the tricks. As he stepped nimbly around the charging bull, the crowd went wild. They hurled hats now, not insults.

"You see," grinned the delighted Mexican official, "it is wonderful when the torero really fights the bull, no?"

The American nodded solemnly. And as solemnly replied, "Wonderful—when he fights the bull."

The Mexican glanced covertly at his companion, shrugged, and went back to admiring the cape work of Senor Munde from Madrid. Norte Americanos were funny people, si.

The bull, a big red Miura, was bristling with bandilleros and bellowing his head off by this time. Still the torero goaded him, allowing him to rush so close that the wind of his passing bent the cloth in his tight pants.

The crowd gasped, sighed, screamed. Young senoritas all but swooned from love of the great torero!

Then suddenly, just about the time the picadores were tensing for the death thrust that was coming, the bull changed tactics. With his



head lowered, he charged. But instead of rushing past, he halted so abruptly that his hooves cut two valleys in the arena. Munde, all set for the rush, lost his stance.

"Hi, hi!" yelled the crowd, maddened by this beautiful, unforeseen tactic.

Munde swung his muleta as he swung his body, to be set for the next rush the bull so quickly began. But somehow the sword got tangled in his cape. The bull's great horns swiped past, hooking the cape.

Yee-i!" screamed the stands.

Munde went over in a cloud of dust, then, as the bull kept galloping, he dragged on the seat of his pants, arm caught in the twisted cape.

The picadores rode furiously around the angry bull, stabbing with lances, hurling insults, calling the bull all sorts of names.

And at last Munde worked free and scrambled to his feet. His face was black with dust, his fine uniform grimy, and his cocked hat was gone.

He eyed the stands from which came hoots now. The Mexican audience changes fast, and it takes only a trifle to set loving hearts to hating.

But the bull wasn't finished. He came at the confused fighter in a violent rush, swooped him up on long, curving horns and tossed him fifteen feet across the arena. There was a wild shouting from the audience, a wild yelling from the picadores who rode their horses into a nice tangle, which included the bull, Munde, and a couple of men on foot.

The dust cloud was so thick that none of the melee could be observed.

It was this moment that the American comedian, Charley, chose for his grand entrance. Yelling like a wild Indian, he vaulted over the railing and dashed toward the congested mass of men and horses and bull.

"Out of the way, lugs!" he roared. "Let me at that fat cow!"

The tangle magically untangled. The horsemen rode furiously for the walls. The men on foot sprinted away. Munde again dragged himself to his feet, wavering and groggy. The bull backed off, looking oddly surprised.

From somewhere the American had procured a derby hat which he now clapped on his head.

In his hand was a crooked walking stick. He waved the stick at the crowd and shouted, "Wanta see how it's done in Brooklyn?"

Again the stands changed heart. Here was a wonderful diversion. Forgotten was poor Munde, who limped across the arena with head hanging. Forgotten were old hates and displeasures and government taxes.

"Yipp-ee!" shouted the American. "Come on, you red ox!"

The bull hesitated a moment, wondering what was facing him. He had had time to get his second wind. So this fellow wanted trouble!

With head lowered close to the ground, he went into a fancy charge. Charley, the comedian, stood his ground. Even the most hard-hearted fan gasped at this audacity. Why, the crazy hombre did not have even a cape, let alone a sword!

As the bull swept up, Charley took off his derby, doffed it to the prominent personages' box, and sailed it directly into the face of the mad bull.

This strange thing halted him. He bellowed, pawed and advanced a step, tentatively. Here was a new one, even for him. He snorted, but the fellow in front of him still stood. The bull threw his head around, tossing the hat, which had landed on a horn, almost at the feet of Charley. Charley stooped and tossed the hat back on.

Now!

The bull came with a rush. The six thousand throats in the stands gave forth their best. This time there would be fireworks!

But Charley merely stepped slightly out of the path of the charge, stuck out his stick, tripped the bull, who went head first into the dust and lay still, wind knocked out.

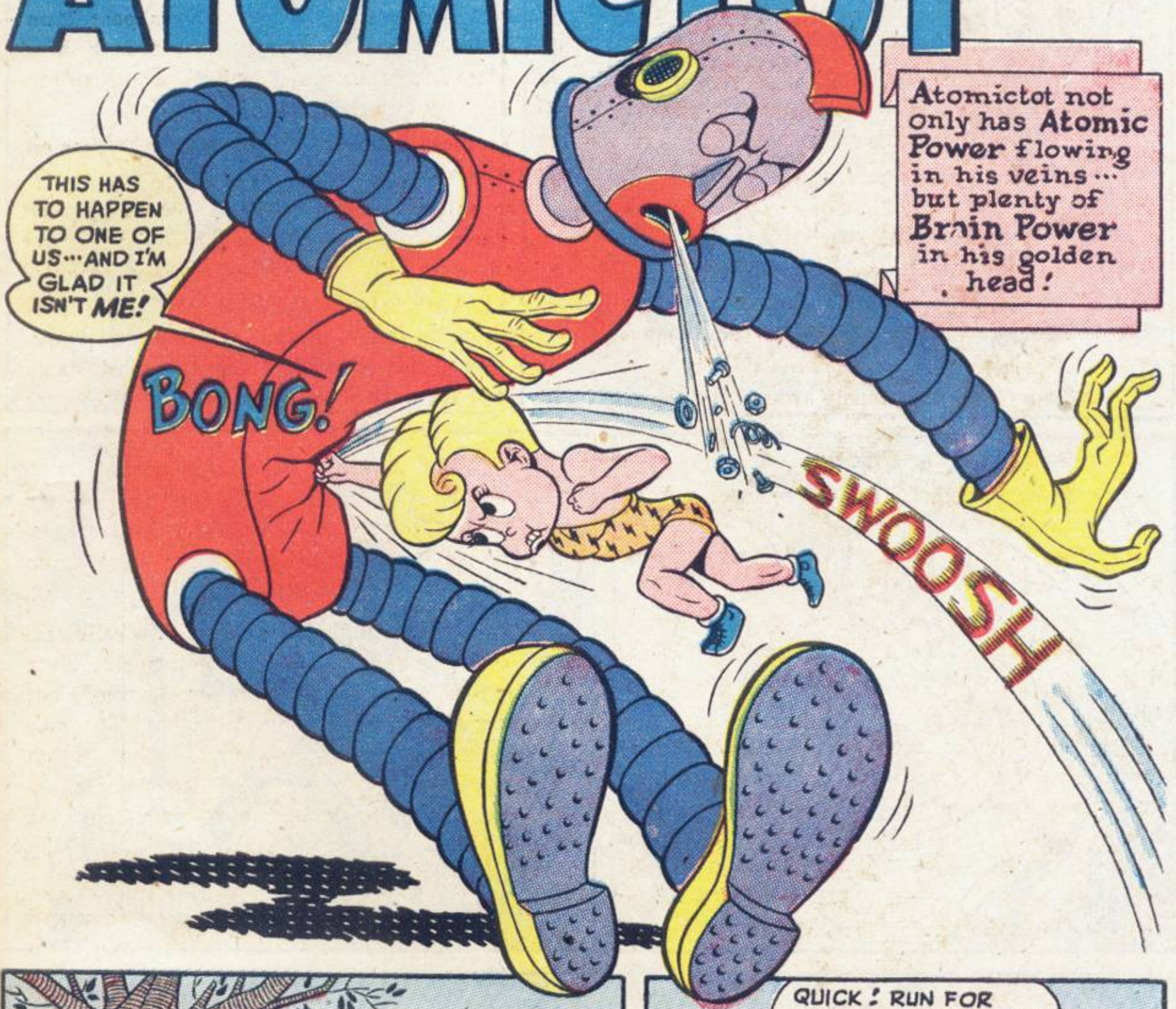
Charley casually marched forward, dusted a place on the bull's withers with his hankie, and calmly sat down with both feet on the bull's nose.

When the noise had died down in the stands and the police had stopped a dozen friendly fights, Charley got up, adjusted his derby and marched out of the ring swinging his stick.

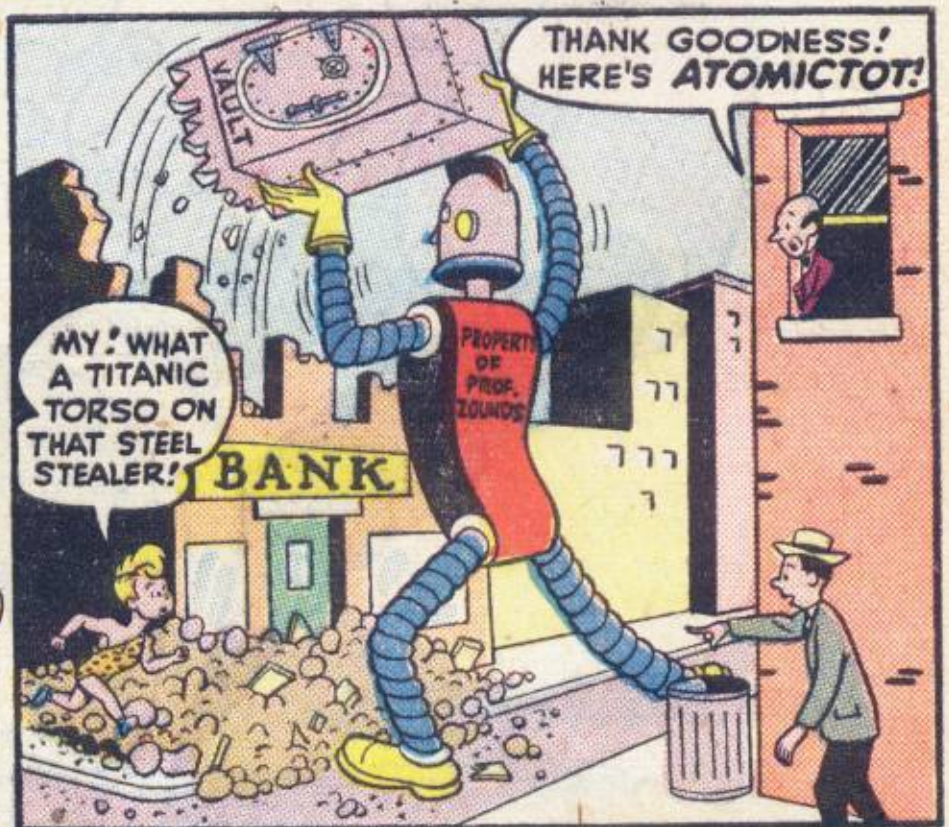
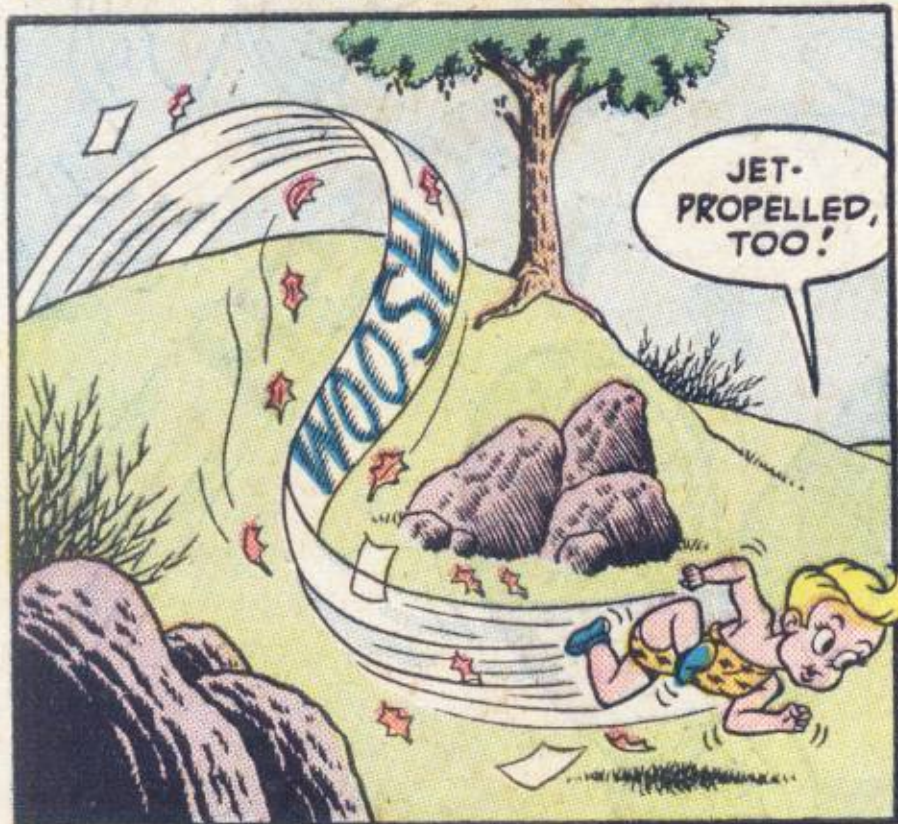
The bull got to his feet slowly, looked after his vanquisher and shook his great head wonderingly.



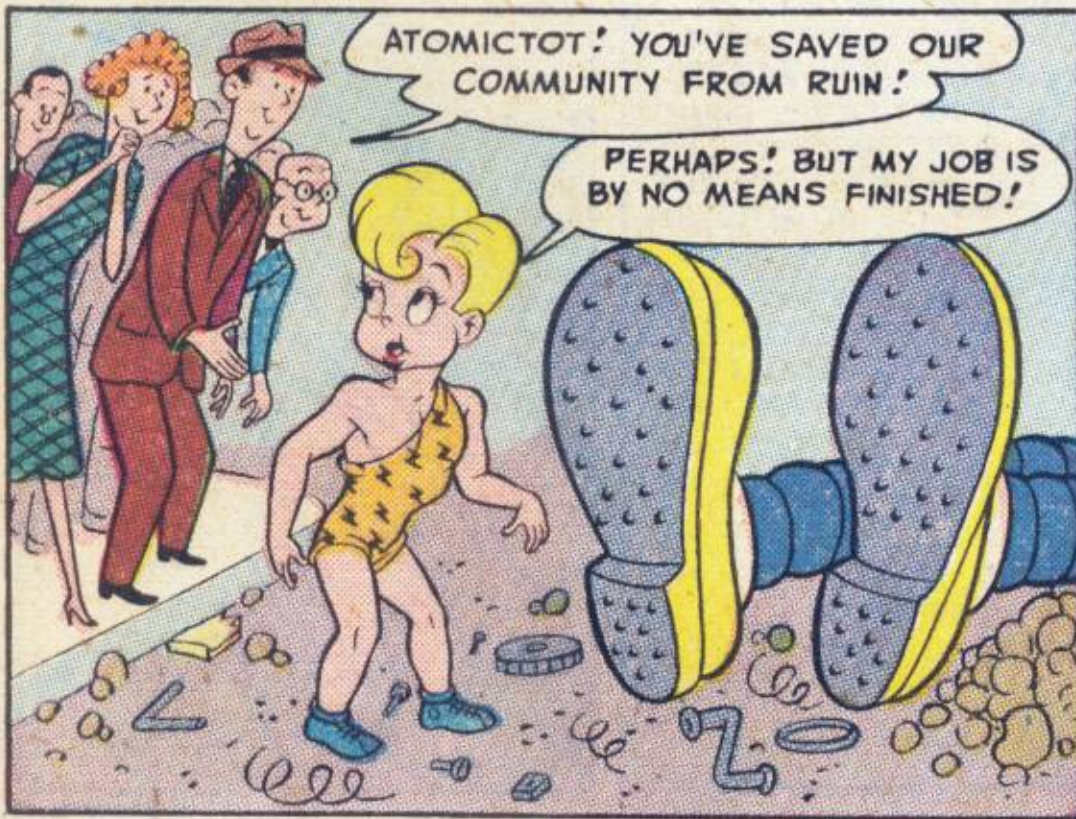
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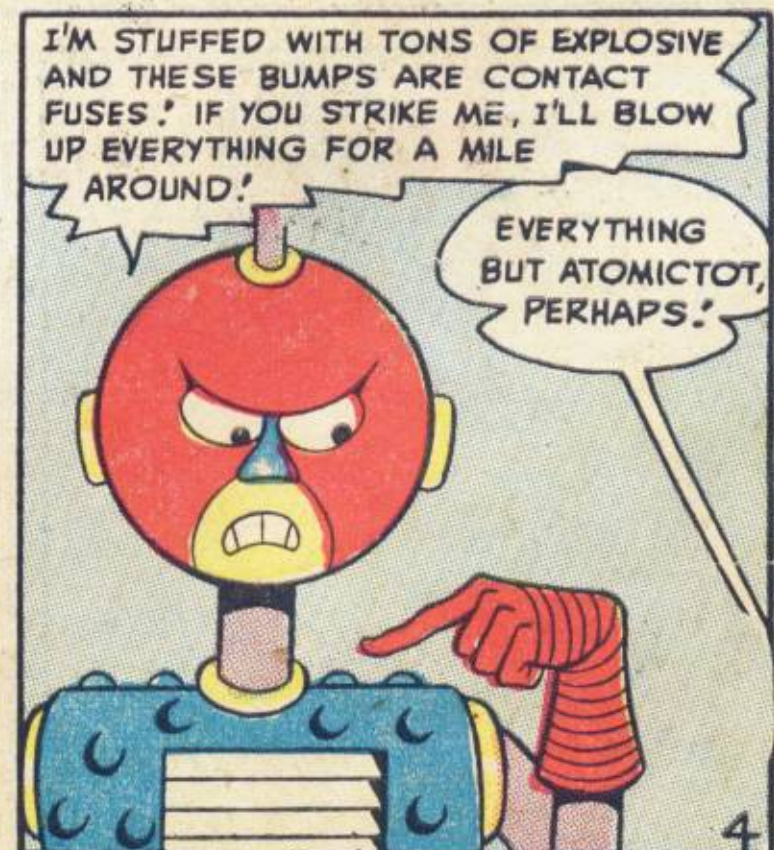
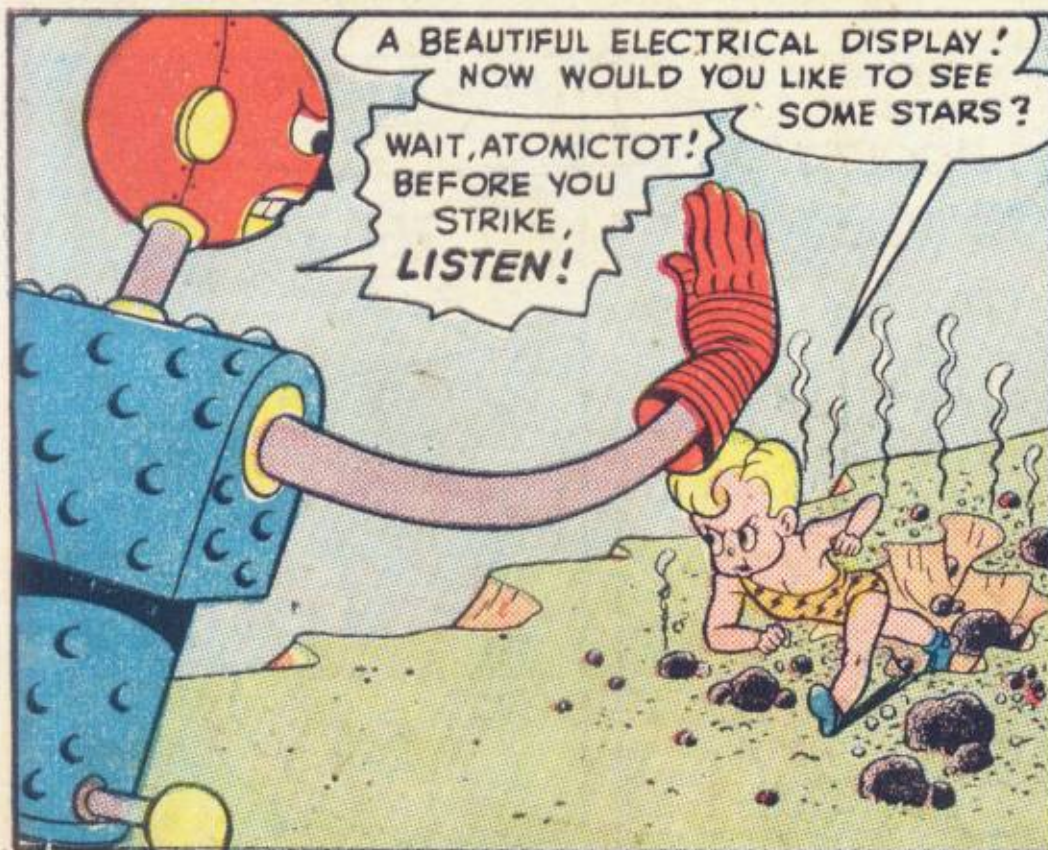
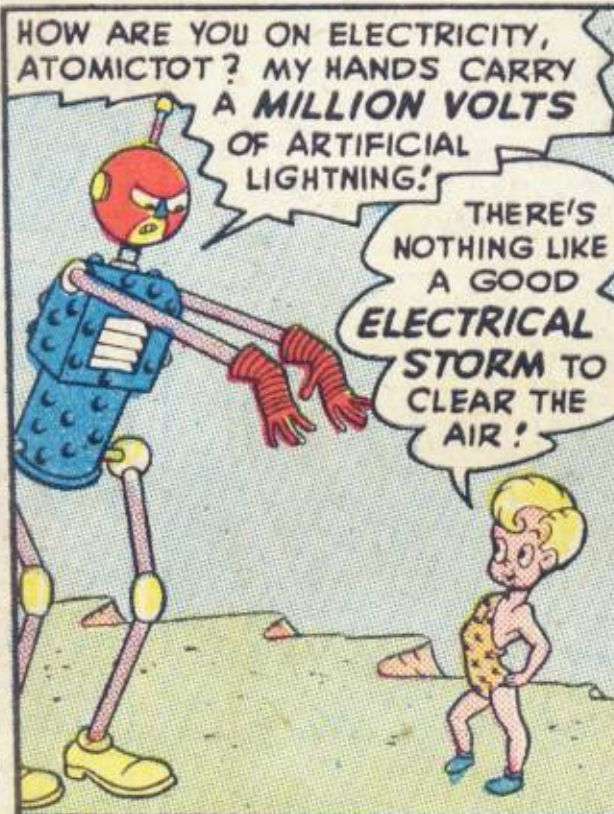
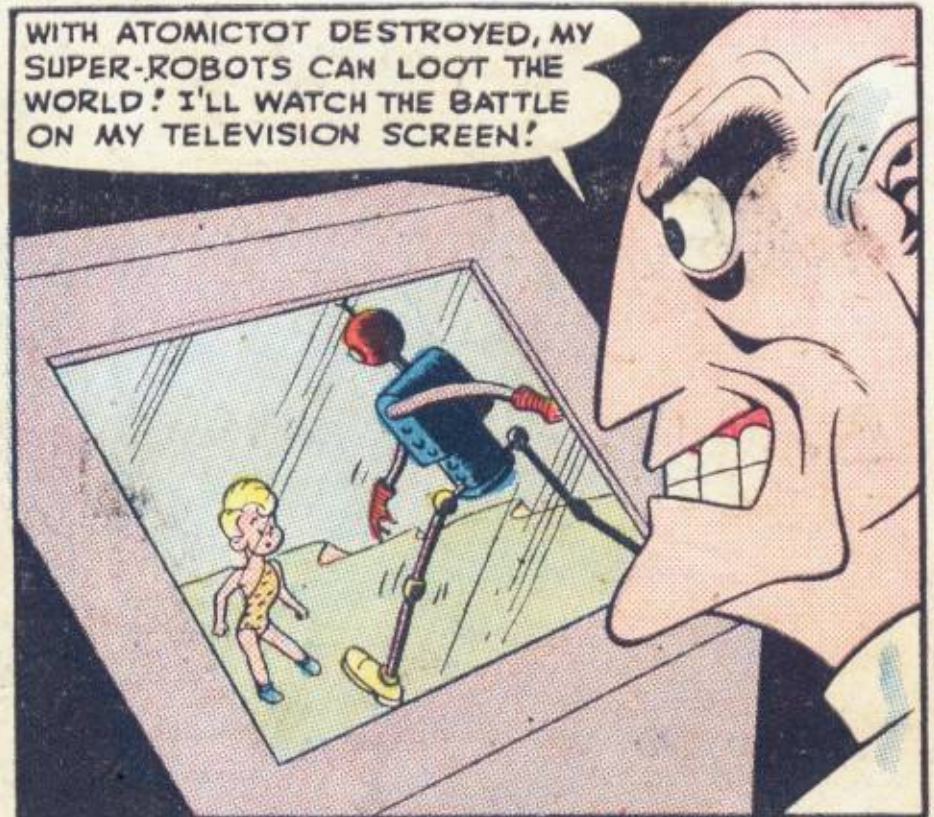
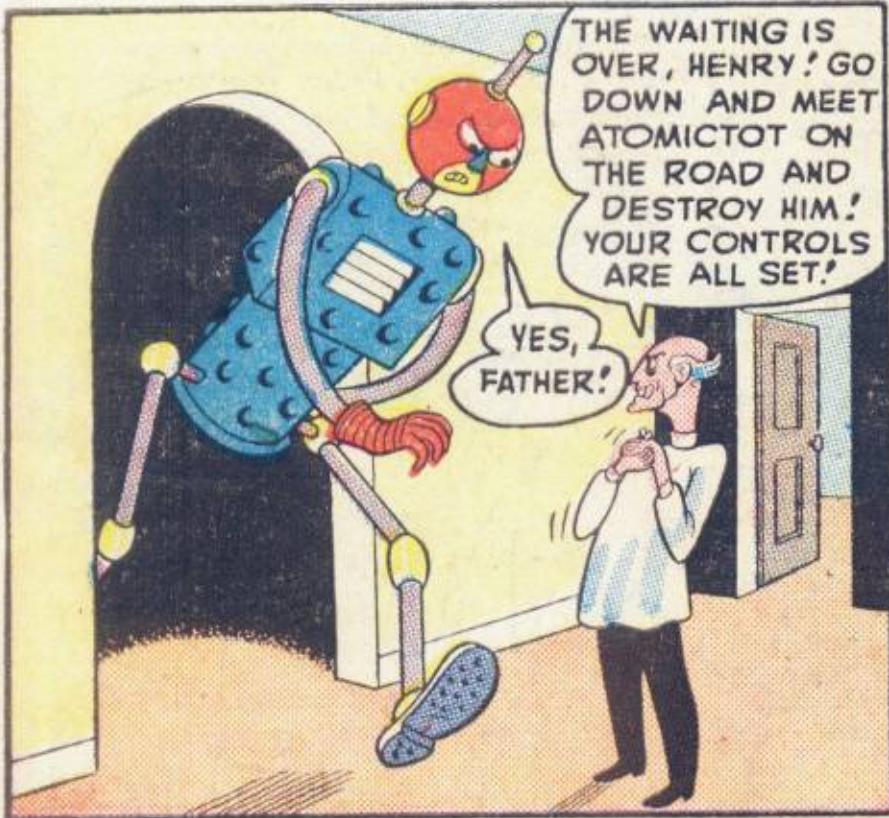




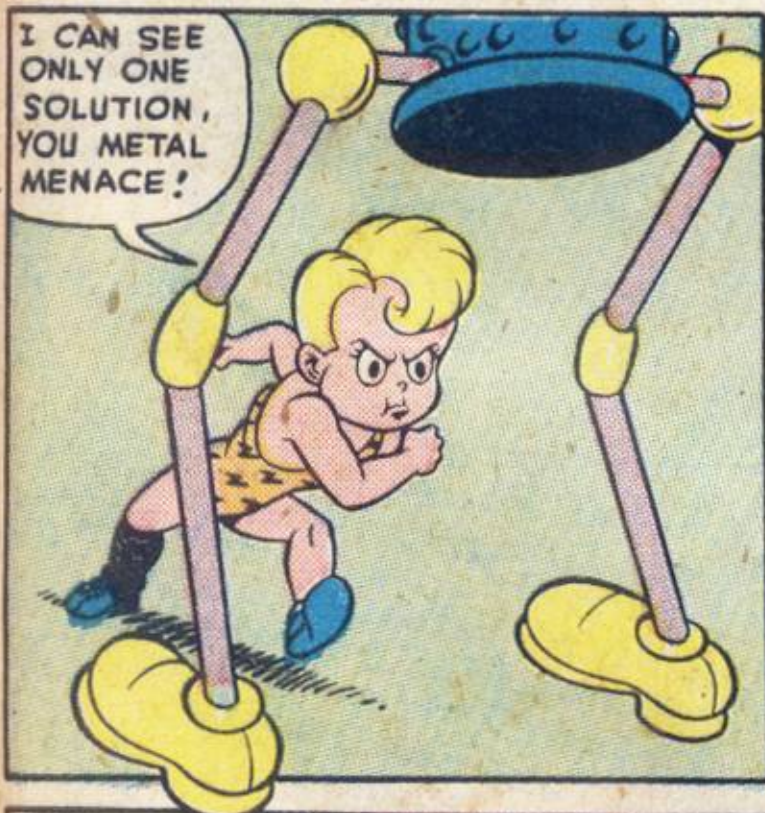




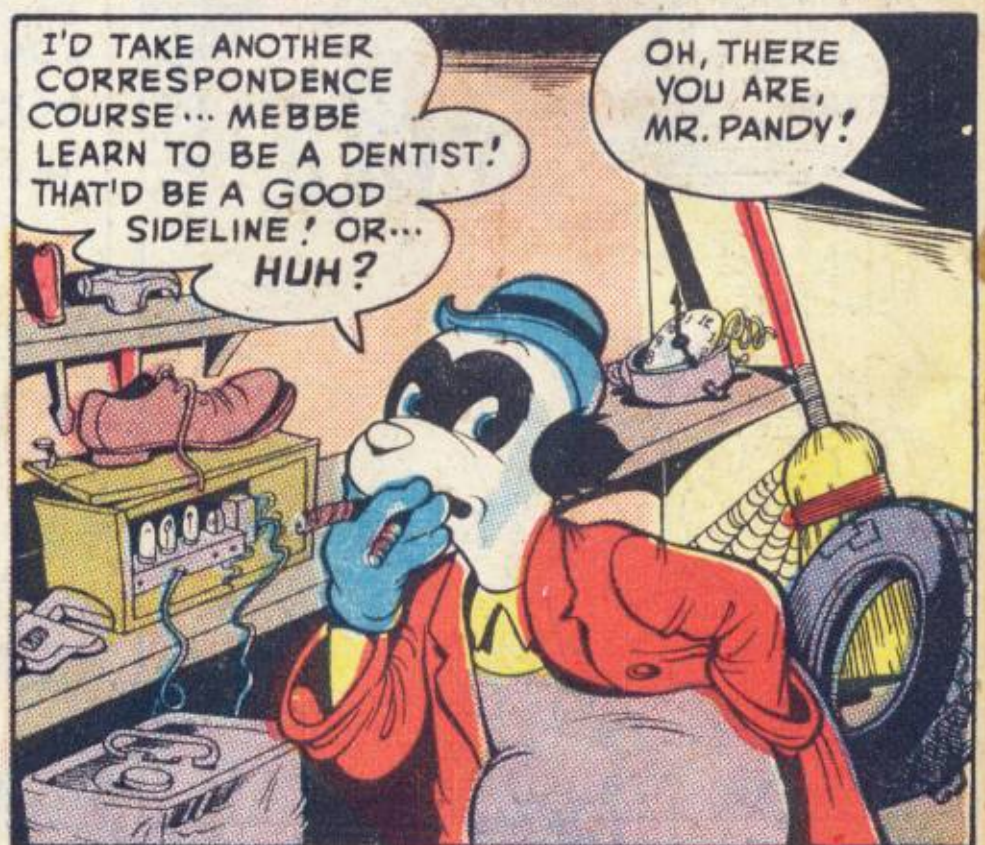
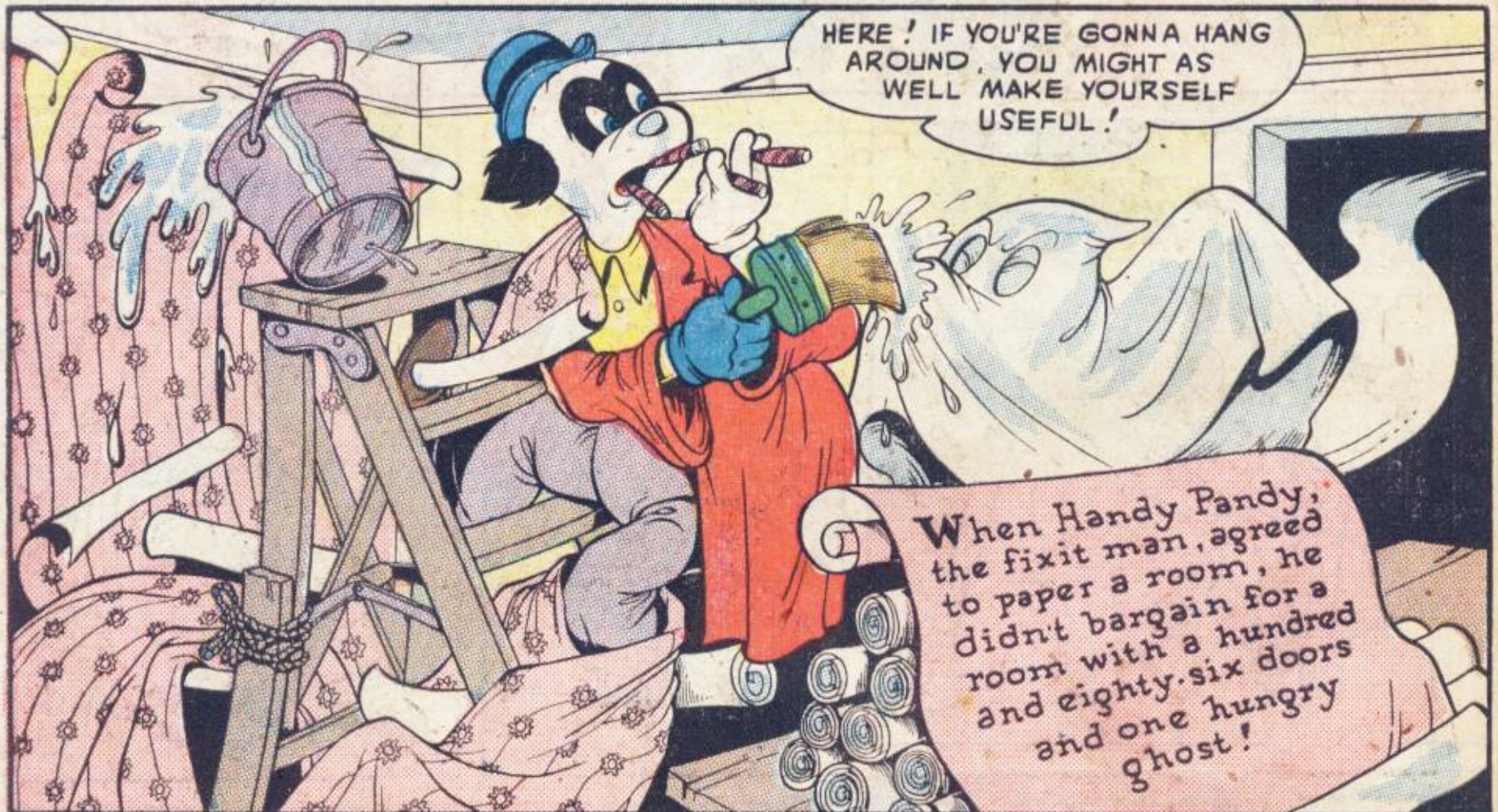




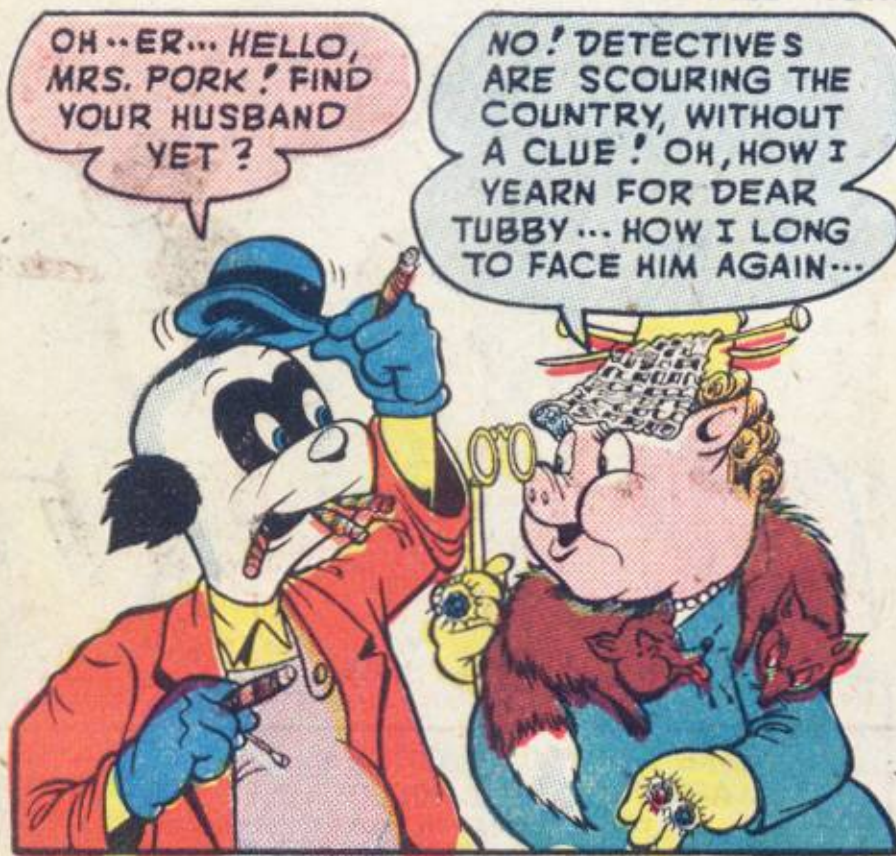






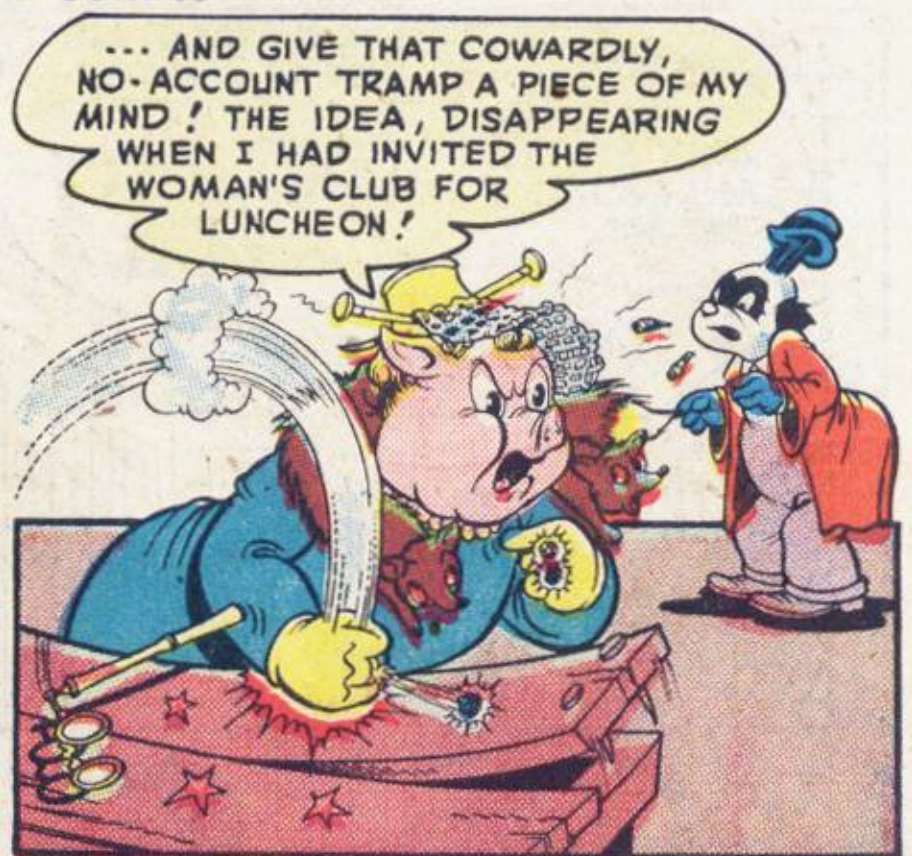






OH...ER... HELLO, MRS. PORK! FIND YOUR HUSBAND YET?

NO! DETECTIVES ARE SCOURING THE COUNTRY, WITHOUT A CLUE! OH, HOW I YEARN FOR DEAR TUBBY... HOW I LONG TO FACE HIM AGAIN...



... AND GIVE THAT COWARDLY, NO-ACCOUNT TRAMP A PIECE OF MY MIND! THE IDEA, DISAPPEARING WHEN I HAD INVITED THE WOMAN'S CLUB FOR LUNCHEON!



AND THAT REMINDS ME... CAN YOU HANG WALLPAPER, MR. PANDY?

WELL... ER... JUST A MINUTE AND I'LL SEE...

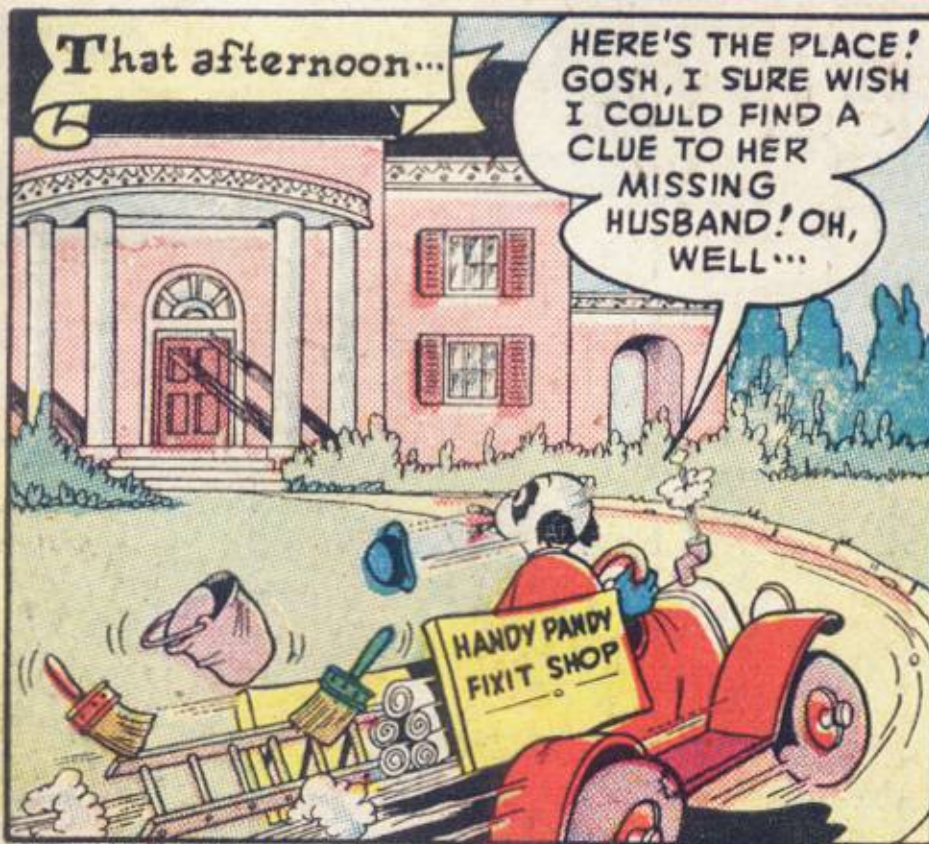


I'D FORGOTTEN ALL ABOUT THAT BOOK! HMM! OF COURSE! WHAT'S SO TOUGH ABOUT PAPER-HANGING?



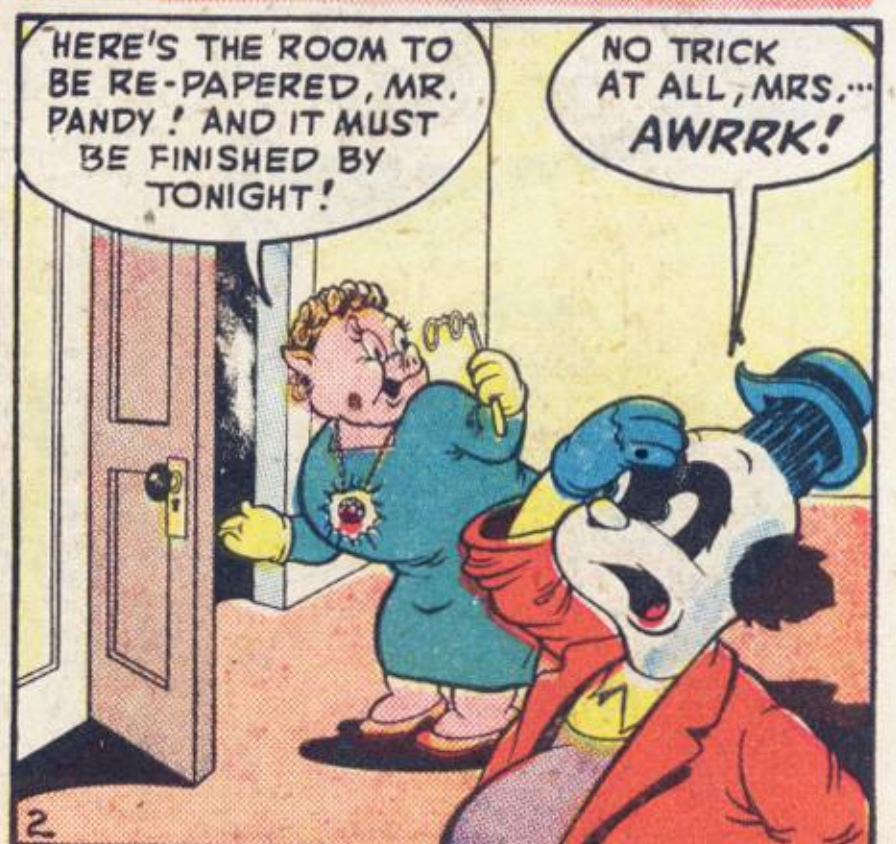
YEP, MA'M, I SURE CAN! BEST PAPERHANGER IN TOWN... AND THE ONLY ONE!

GOOD! COME OUT THIS AFTERNOON! I HAVE A SIMPLY HIDEOUS ROOM THAT MUST BE RE-DONE BEFORE MY CLUB MEETING!



That afternoon...

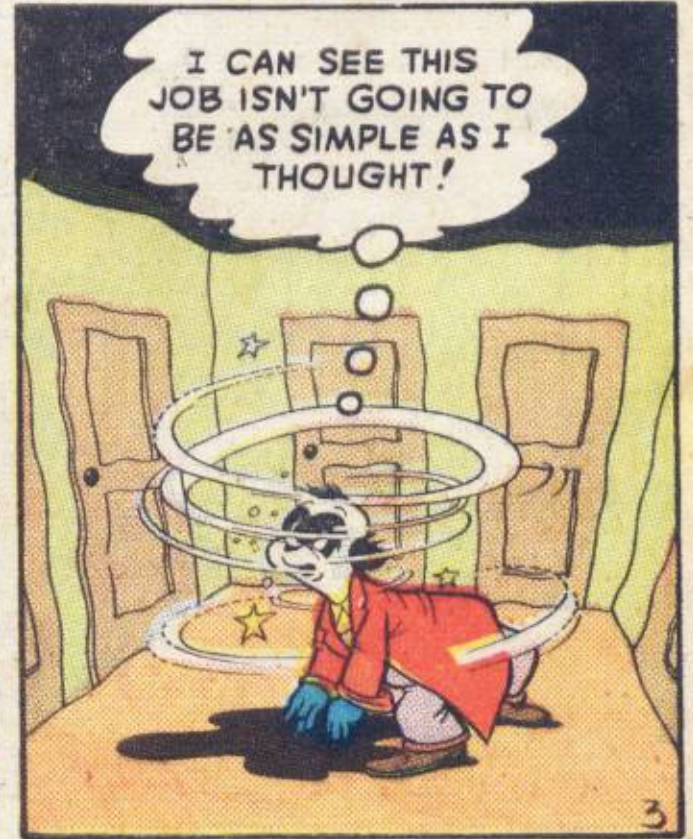
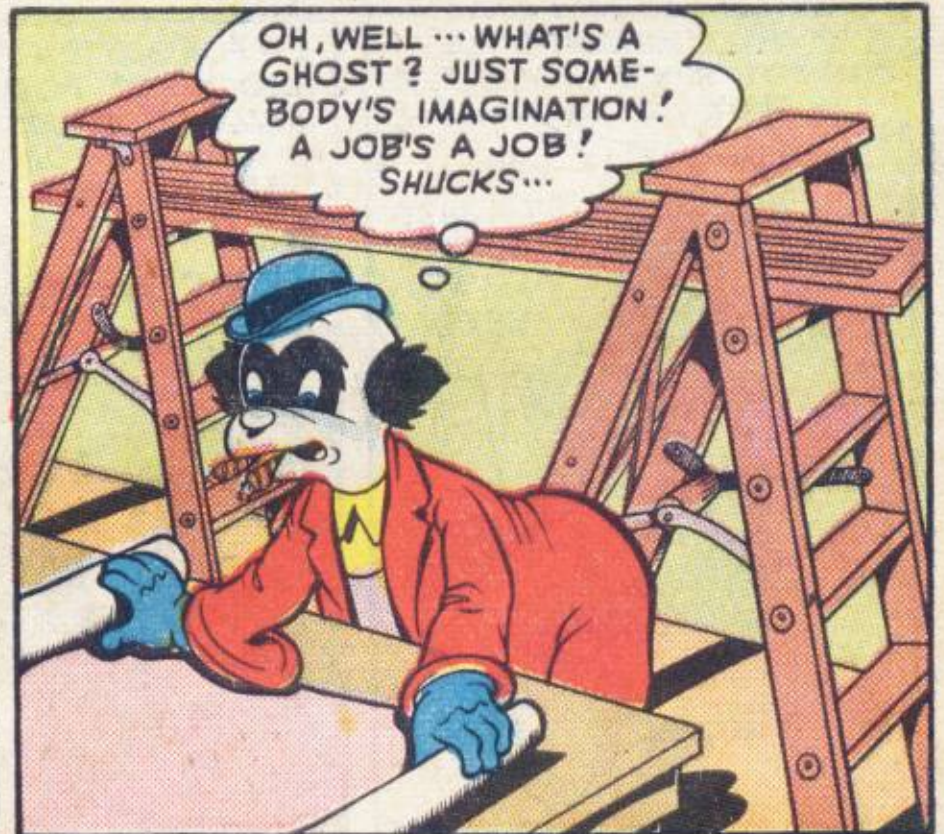
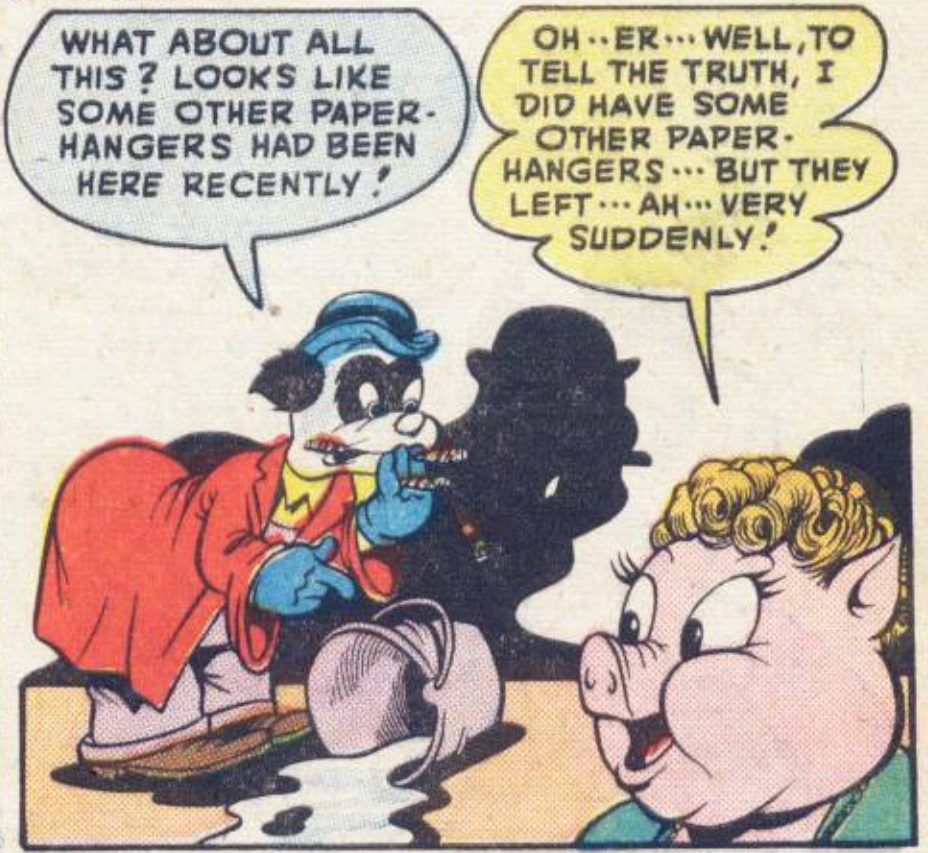
HERE'S THE PLACE! GOSH, I SURE WISH I COULD FIND A CLUE TO HER MISSING HUSBAND! OH, WELL...



HERE'S THE ROOM TO BE RE-PAPERED, MR. PANDY! AND IT MUST BE FINISHED BY TONIGHT!

NO TRICK AT ALL, MRS... **AWRRK!**





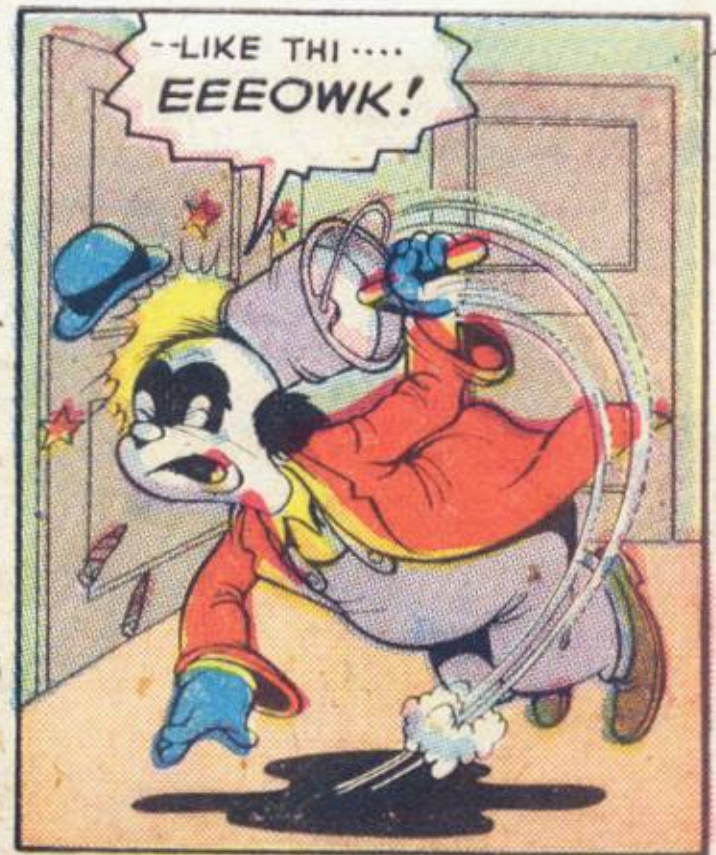




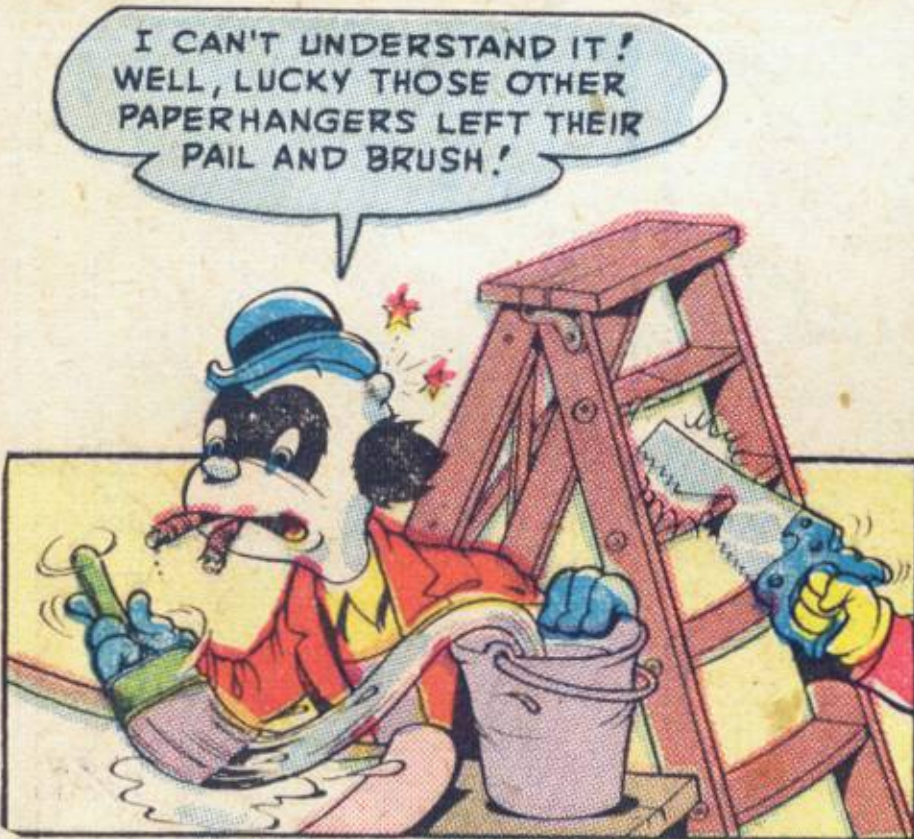
THERE! IT'S ALL MEASURED AND CUT! NOW I'LL HANG IT FAST AND GET OUTA HERE!



NOW THE PASTE! SLAPPED ON WITH A PROFESSIONAL FLOURISH...



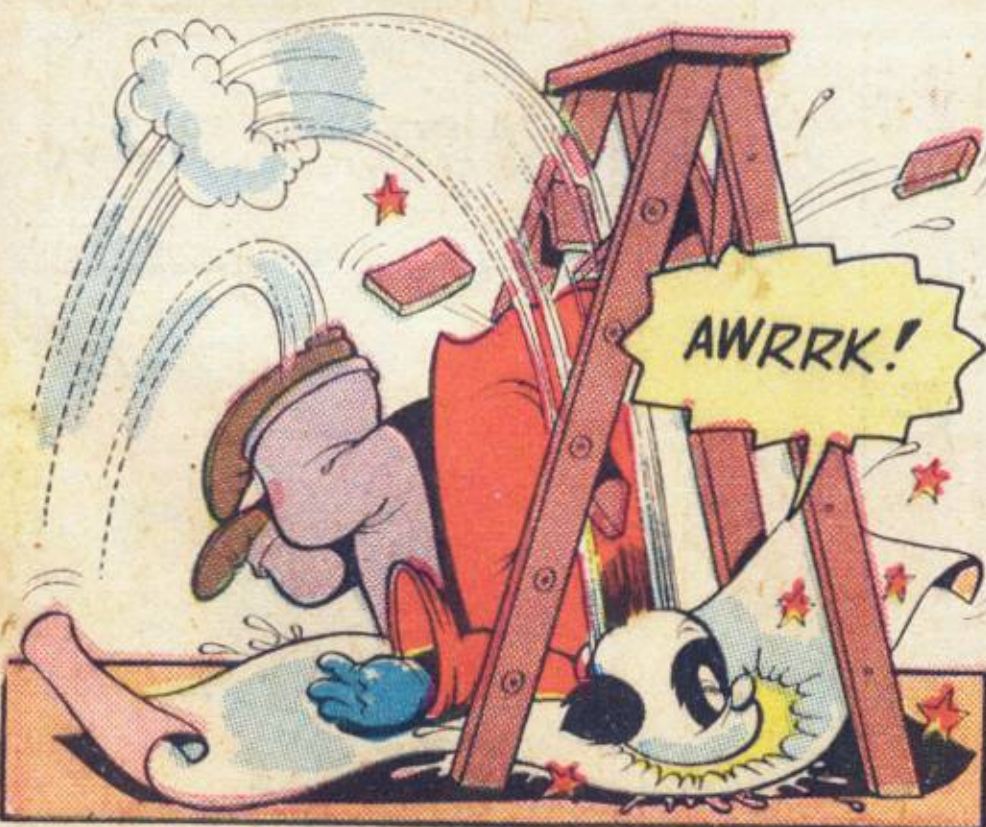
--LIKE THI...  
EEEOWK!



I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT! WELL, LUCKY THOSE OTHER PAPERHANGERS LEFT THEIR PAIL AND BRUSH!



ONCE I GET THOSE DIZZY DOORS COVERED UP, THIS JOB WON'T BE SO TOUGH!

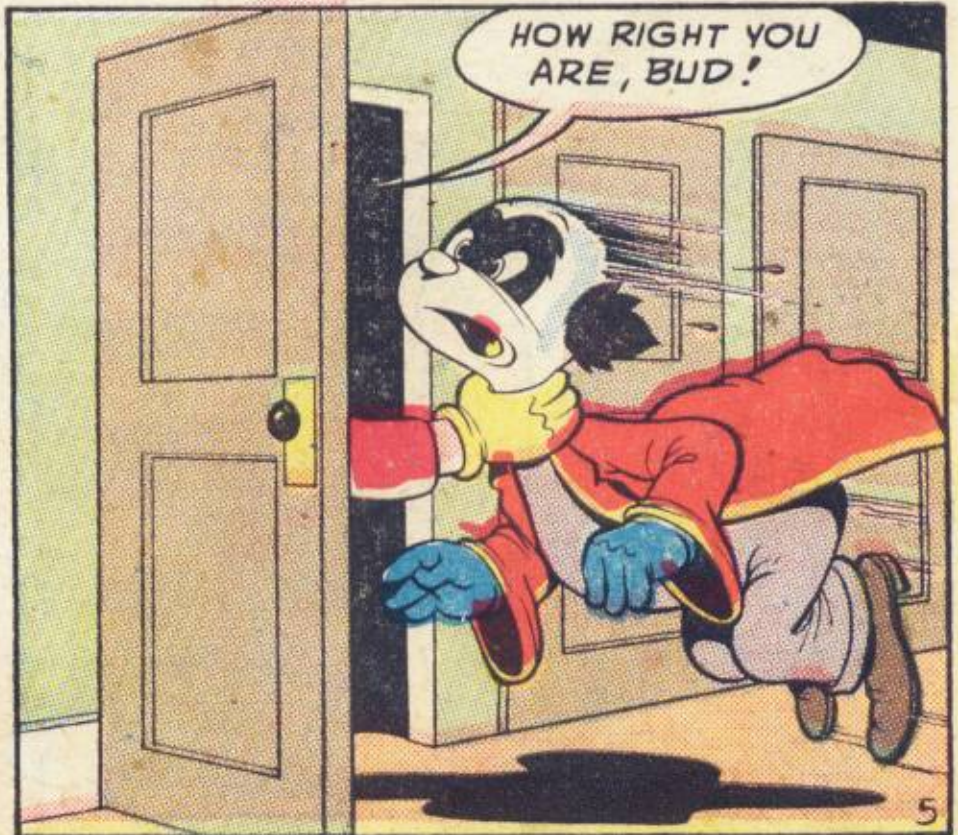
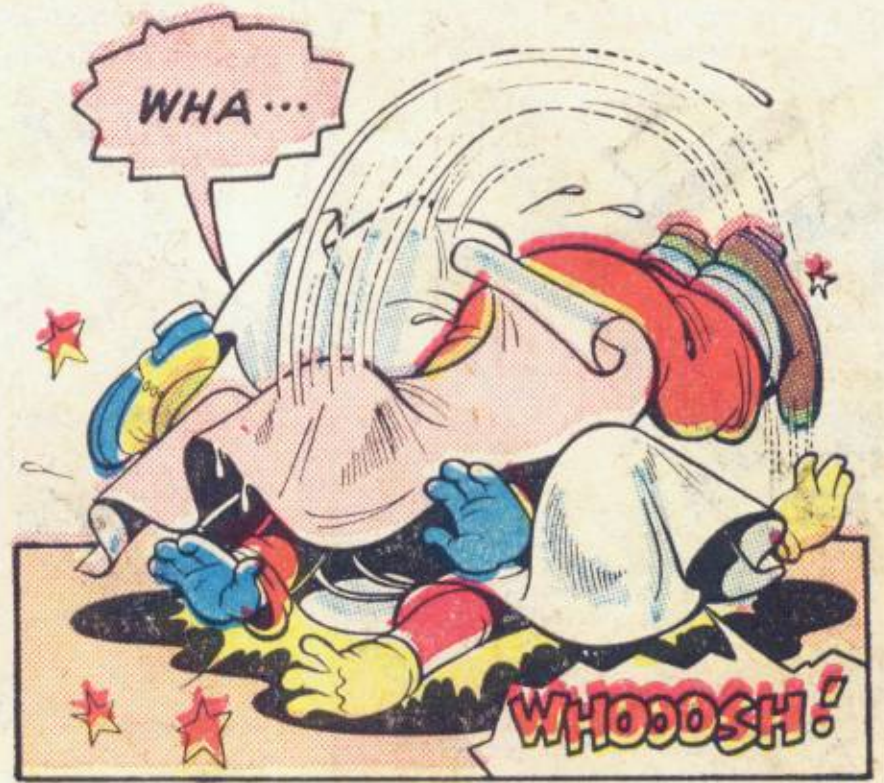
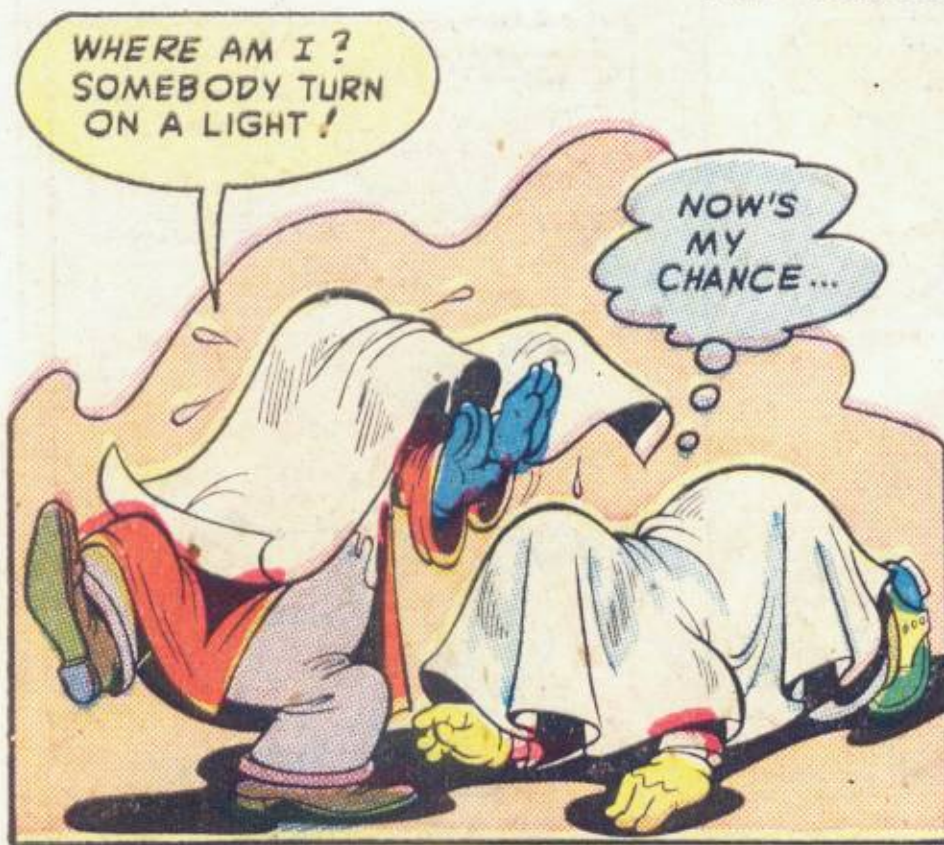


AWRRK!

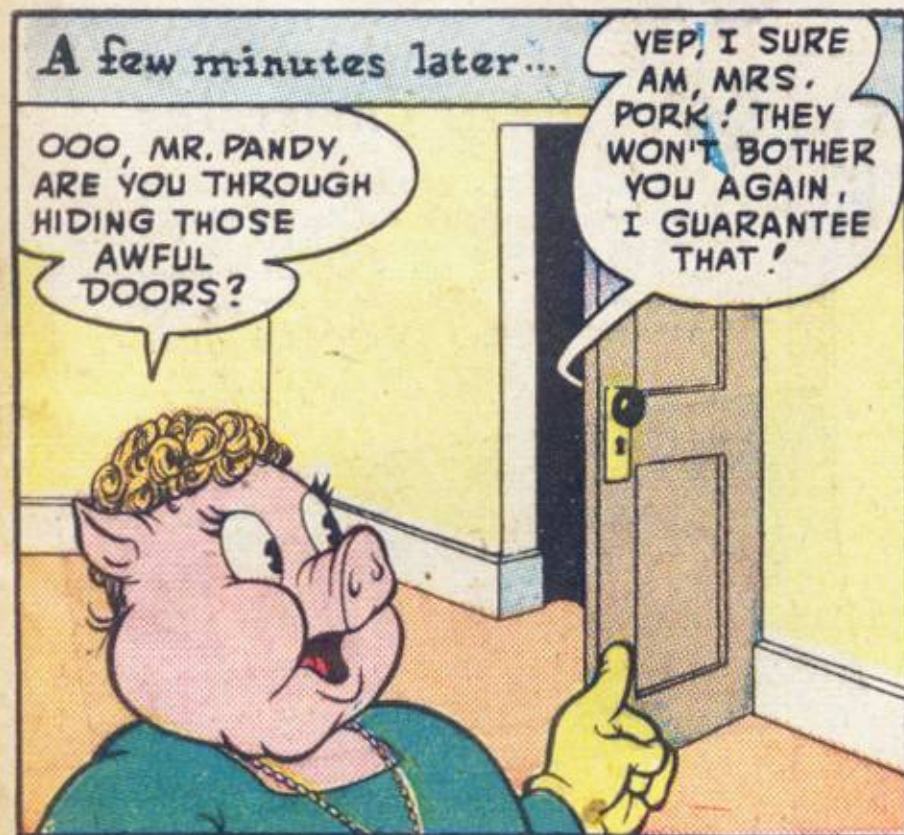


WHAT HAPPENED? WHO TURNED OUT THE LIGHTS?













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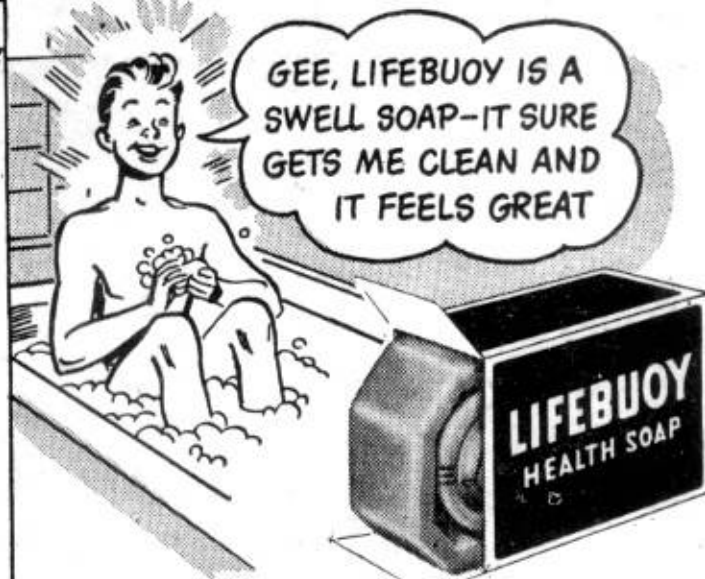


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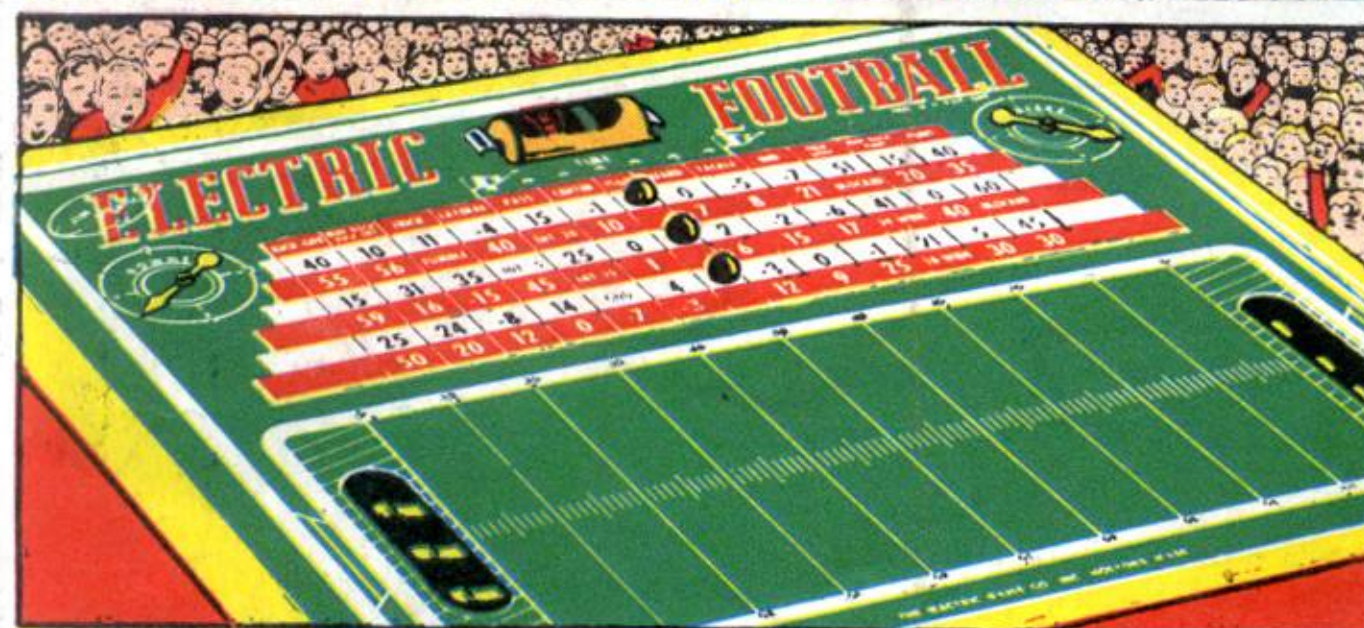
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